THE

# CRITICAL REVIEW.

*SERIES THE THIRD.*

*Vol. IX.* NOVEMBER, 1806. *No. III.*

ART. I. *Memoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose, &c. Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement; containing historical, political and literary Anecdotes of the principal Characters of the Age. By Mr. Dutens.* 3 *Vols.* 8vo. Dulau *and* Co. 1806.

IT may be safely hazarded as a general remark, that the biography of an individual derives its principal interest from the characters with whom he has been connected during life, and the public transactions in which he has borne a part; while, on the other hand, the talents that he may have possessed serve to throw additional lustre on the persons around him, and on the events of the period in which he lived. Hence we should be led to suppose that an extended sphere of society, and the intimacy of the most distinguished characters in Europe must necessarily confer upon the memoirs of an individual, a very lively interest, and render them, at once, the source of information and amusement. With these impressions on our mind, we opened the work now before us, congratulating ourselves on the discovery of a mine of anecdotes and facts, which should not give place to any of the numerous publications with which the countrymen of our author have so successfully amused their readers. Judge then of our disappointment, when we found that the result of this tried traveller's labours was, with a few exceptions, not the source from which an historian might draw curious and valuable facts, but an indigested collection of idle stories,—the histories of balls and suppers,—and the bloody annals of German hunting. Many of the stories related were the occurrences of the day, which, we believe, may be still found in the public prints of the time: *the tragical adventure of the Viscomte de Barry at*

*Bath*, which is no other than a *crim. con.* case and a duel, and the histories of trances and apparitions, with a multitude of others, are infinitely too good to have escaped the journalists of these times. The work before us, we are informed by the author, is the result of the labour of more than thirty years; and the two first volumes of it have gone through an ordeal, to which we would willingly submit a very large proportion of the numerous productions with which the press so abundantly teems, did not the result of our author's experiment rather discourage its repetition. Some twenty years ago, Mr. Dutens, after printing the *Memoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*, moved by good sense or an anxiety for the opinion of the world, condemned the whole impression to the flames; but phenix-like, it has risen from its ashes, and, finding the author in a more gentle mood, has led him to present it to the public, with the addition of such circumstances in his life, as have occurred posterior to this memorable but ineffectual conflagration. A third volume is now added, containing the clean sweepings of his common-place book, gleaned from reading and conversation, and entitled *Dutensiana*, in allusion to the name of its author. The index to this collection of curiosities is perhaps the most singular that we have ever perused. We are here presented with a catalogue of Popes; bon mots without number; an account of the annual income and expenditure of the duke of Northumberland; a calculation of the weight of the national debt of Great Britain in ten pound notes of the bank of England; stories of penitent highwaymen; numerous extracts from books, and definitions of chance, and of the *metaphysical* meaning of the word *heart*, which last we recommend to the serious attention of all accurate reasoners. Upon the whole, we must be allowed to say, that most of his jokes are abundantly stale, and his extracts chiefly drawn from popular works in the hands of every one: nor was it without astonishment, that we observed a repetition of the same stories, and sometimes of the same passages, in different parts of these volumes. Mr. D. dwells with peculiar pleasure on the merciless massacre of the devoted inhabitants of the wilds of Bohemia, by the emperor Francis; in which 47,950 animals of various descriptions fell by the hands of the imperial huntsman and his associates. A list of the destructive exertions of the king of Naples in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, is given from the German gazettes, as a valuable and illustrative supplement: and we must confess, that his majesty does not by any means yield to the emperor, but excels him infinitely

in the strength and ferocity of his game; not content with the unresisting timidity of hares and partridges, he attacked the wild boars, the bears, and the wolves with a success altogether unparalleled.

A favourite subject, on which our author dilates with increasing delight, is the ingratitude of the great, and the abortive hopes of reward and preferment, which the deserving too often suffer: but we must frankly inform this gentleman, that we have heard of few who have committed themselves to what he terms *la mer orageuse du grand monde*, with such remarkable success as he himself has enjoyed. And to convince our readers, that they may safely accompany us in this opinion, we shall present them with a short sketch of the life of Mr. Dutens, as he has himself detailed it in these volumes.

The subject of the memoirs before us, was born of protestant parents in France. His father, who possessed but a moderate fortune, is described as a man of amiable manners, judicious in his ideas, and peculiarly attentive to the education and improvement of his children. Our author tells us that these attentions were by no means lost upon him, for he early testified marks of genius, so that before he was ten years old, he had written comedies, and amused himself with the composition of epigrams and verses: but in spite of the praises with which his exertions were on every hand loaded, his natural modesty, which shunned all commendation, preserved him from that conceit and self-sufficiency, to which so many young men are apt to fall a sacrifice. Feeling the situation in which he was placed, shut out from promotion in every liberal profession by the heterodox opinions of the religion in which he was educated, he determined to pass over into England, in search of that advancement which his native country denied him. After some stay in London, and an ineffectual attempt to be employed as tutor in the family of lady Dysart, he returned to France: but he soon after repeated his visit to this country, and undertook the tuition of a young gentleman. In this situation he appears to have been peculiarly successful, and to have won the perfect confidence and favour of Mr. Wyche, the father of his pupil. The philosophy of this worthy gentleman, and his frequent mathematical reveries, have furnished our author with some sufficiently ludicrous anecdotes. His turn for mathematics was equalled only by his fondness for drugs, which he not only swallowed abundantly himself, but dispensed with great liberality to others; and he happily found a most valuable friend in the obsequious tutor, who gulped

sea-water and crude quicksilver without a single wry face. The daughter of Mr. Wyche, a girl of seventeen, who was deaf and dumb from her birth, has afforded an interesting picture of an innocent and uncultivated mind, which comes home to our feelings, in a manner infinitely different from the detail of the conduct of the great, and the amusements and splendour of a court. Our author, with a laudable zeal, undertook to remedy the defects of this child of nature, and to teach her to write, and to communicate her thoughts to others. We traced with pleasure the course by which she attained to the conception of the nature of mind and of the being and attributes of God.

'She returned again and again, to the conversation which we had had on the subject of Deity; she testified the most profound respect when she uttered the name, but always enquired wherefore this being was not visible. I at last attempted one day, to satisfy her upon this point, and began by saying that he was present every where, although in a manner unseen to us. This was the source of much astonishment to her; she thought long upon it, and at length concluded that the thing was impossible:—she had no idea of any thing but matter, and conceived that nothing but bodies could have an existence. She communicated to me her doubts, and I endeavoured to direct her thoughts to the thinking *substance* within herself: but she knew not what I would say. I now placed myself in the attitude of one in deep thought, and desired her by signs to do so likewise: then touching her forehead I asked if she did not perceive something passing within, different from the action of her body, if she was not sensible of a manner of being within her head, very unlike to that which she felt in her hands and feet. Of all this however she understood nothing, and fearing that it was owing to her own fault, she became extremely uneasy, and conjured me, clasping her hands, not to be discouraged: then replacing herself in the same attitude, with her head supported on one hand, and her eyes bent on the air, she intreated me to proceed. But all my endeavours this day were unsuccessful, and we made no progress: she wept bitterly for what she conceived to be her fault, and retired to rest in the greatest affliction. Next morning after breakfast, she told me that she had dreamt all the night, that we walked together in Kensington gardens. I immediately seized this opportunity of resuming the lesson of the preceding evening:—I made her to comprehend, that there was no reality in this idea, since we had been absent from each other during the whole night. She agreed to this, and I then wrote down the words *dream*, *imagination*, and expressed that these terms denoted what had passed within her the preceding night. She understood this to a miracle.—When she had become quite familiar with the idea of *dream* and *dreaming*, *imagination* and *imagining*, I told her that to dream was *to imagine in one's sleep*, to *think* was to *imagine while awake*. Scarcely

had she comprehended the distinction when something extraordinary seemed to pass within her;—she was deeply absorbed, but her physiognomy, which was highly expressive, readily shewed me what it was that occupied her mind. I never saw any thing more interesting or animated, than her countenance at that moment. The exstacy, the delight which overpowered her, when she felt this new ray of light break in upon her, defies the powers of painting and description.—When I perceived that she understood this perfectly, I substituted for the words *to imagine while awake*, the term *to think*, which I told her had the same signification; and I then added the word *mind* as synonymous with *thought*.—These things being firmly established, we returned to the nature of the Supreme Being: I told her that God was a mind, but of infinite perfection; that there was no limit to his power, and that he executed every thing with a facility of which the human mind could form no conception. She entered into every thing which I said, and seemed penetrated with love and respect for a being who was all-powerful, and whose goodness I informed her, was equal to his power.' (Vol. i. p. 88.)

The lessons and the attentions of Mr. Dutens to his fair pupil, gave birth to a passion which might have proved fatal to the peace of both; but much to our author's honour, he checked her advances till he was luckily called away, by a very advantageous offer of accompanying Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, the brother of lord Bute, in his embassy to the court of Turin. He at first filled the situation of chaplain, for which he had previously taken orders in the English church; but very soon afterwards became secretary to the ambassador.

During the stay which our author made at Turin, in this capacity, he had an opportunity of meeting with many eminent men from the different countries of Europe, and of observing the manners of courts, and the stratagems of statesmen. He informs us with what aversion he at first viewed their intrigues, and how difficult it was to train his stubborn virtue into the suppleness which his situation required; but finishes, by presenting us with a few traits of his proficiency in the dealings of a statesman. He had procured regular access to the dispatches of the Neapolitan minister, by bribing his secretary; but the treachery of this person being discovered, he was dismissed with disgrace, and the Neapolitan ambassador begged of Mr. Dutens, that he would point out to him those dispatches which he had seen: our author readily consented, requesting, at the same time, to have the whole correspondence laid before him, that he might avoid the possibility of any mistake; and in this way, he cunningly became acquainted with a number of important circumstances, of which he must otherwise have remained

ignorant. On another occasion, he bribed two persons to open secretly the cabinets of the Sardinian minister, and extract from his papers an account of the revenue and expenditure of that kingdom; all for the moderate sum of twelve *louis*. We were amused with the penitent reflection which he has made upon this political theft.

'It was not without regret,' says he, 'that I took any part in this business, and I have since often reproached myself for it; although political casuists are far from regarding things with so rigid an eye: but I could never throw off a certain delicacy of feeling, which but ill fitted me for affairs of this nature.' (Vol. i. p. 136.)

On the elevation of lord Bute to the situation of prime minister, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie was recalled from Turin, and Mr. Dutens left chargé d'affaires for the court of Great Britain. Our author relates in a lively manner the delightful sensations with which he beheld his advancement, and the eagerness which he felt to enter upon the exercise of his duties, and the enjoyment of the privileges of his office. But it was no foolish vanity, he observes, no idle self-conceit which thus urged his conduct; it was an anxiety to become familiar with the wonders of the court and of the world, and to reap all the advantages which were now within his reach. His power, however, was but short lived, for in the midst of the enjoyment of his situation, the arrival of a British envoy extraordinary rendered his services no longer requisite. On his way to England, our author remained some time in Paris for the purpose of assisting in the negociation of the peace which was afterwards concluded in 1763. The comte de Vicy, then the Sardinian minister at the court of London, who was intimately concerned in negociating this treaty, appears to have possessed a singular character for secrecy and double-dealing.

'The comte de Vicy excelled, above all, in the success with which he managed every occurrence which took place. On the present occasion, his dexterity was particularly remarkable. He travelled very slowly, that he might not reach Turin before the death of the marquis de St. Germain (then secretary of state); during his journey he received every day, private accounts of the state in which the marquis was; and managed matters so excellently, as to arrive in Turin just as he was expiring. The count went next day to court, and a few days after, presented his majesty with some magnificent Gobelins tapestry, which he had received from the king of France. He saw the king in private, remained with him a long time, and excepting then never appeared at court or in public. I paid him frequent visits; and at these times, he was

always particularly anxious to know what the world said of the appointment of a secretary of state: I related to him what I had heard; and when I mentioned that he was generally conceived to be among the candidates, he treated the idea as altogether absurd. His health was in so bad a state, he was so heartily tired of business, he had one foot in the grave: how then could any one be so simple as to suppose that he was about to enter upon the noisy stage of courts and politics? One evening among others he took so much pains to represent to me the force of these reasons, that I approved of his arguments, admiring his wisdom and moderation, and was just about to inform Mr. Pitt (the British envoy) that the count de V. never would be secretary of state. But at the very time of this conversation, he was nominated, and had obtained the consent of the king, who next day at levee, notified it to all the foreign ministers.' (Vol. i. p. 206.)

Other instances of the same kind are given, in which Mr. Dutens was completely duped by the count; we cannot, however, persuade ourselves that any man would have ventured to repeat these tricks so often, had our author preserved that dignified reserve, which becomes a minister at a foreign court.

On the arrival of our author in London, the diligence and attention which he had always bestowed on the business intrusted to him, determined Mr. Mackenzie to procure for him a lasting mark of regard, while the continuance of his brother at the head of affairs still rendered this an object of easy attainment; Mr. D. was in consequence recommended to the king, who bestowed upon him a handsome pension. After another visit to Turin, where our traveller again filled the office of chargé d' affaires, he returned to England at the request of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, whose active friendship had procured for him from the duke of Northumberland a valuable benefice. He at the same time received from his majesty a considerable pecuniary acknowledgment for his services abroad. The conduct of the duke of Northumberland produced an introduction to that nobleman, which our author did not fail speedily to improve into an intimacy, by all the pleasing arts which he possessed; and these, we assure our readers, were neither few, nor carelessly employed.

'Such,' says he, 'were the two persons to whom I dedicated all my time and all my cares, with a zeal which enthusiasm alone could have inspired. I was dazzled with the magnificence of the duke, and charmed with his politeness and attention; I was peculiarly flattered also, by the distinction with which the duchess honoured me. Possessing then more pliancy of mind, than I do now, I employed every means to interest them in my favour. The

duke loved the arts and sciences; I entered into all his tastes, and conversed with him upon every subject, and he found that he could vary the conversation with me, more than with any other person. The duchess, on the other hand, amused herself in a circle of friends with little *jeux d'esprit*, with collecting prints, medals, and other curiosities; I seemed as if this had been the sole occupation of my life, and in the evening I took part in the amusements of her society of acquaintances, and rendered myself *useful to her pleasures.*' (Vol. i. p. 227.)

Thus did he pay his court, and so much had he won upon the good opinion of the duke, that he was soon after solicited to undertake the tour of Europe with lord Algernon Percy. He was allowed complete discretion, as to travelling expences; and a liberal offer of compensation was made to him by the duke, before he had proceeded one step in his journey. This last, however, he refused, relying unconditionally on the generosity of his patron. It is amusing to remark what care and assiduity our author employed in the management and direction of the companion of his tour: with a thousand professions of devoted attention to all his wishes and opinions, Mr. D. contrived to govern his charge with the most complete authority.

The attention of our travellers seems to have been principally directed to the various courts to which they were introduced, and the eminent men whose acquaintance they enjoyed. Our author, in consequence, has chiefly restricted himself to these points, without spending almost a thought on the appearance of the countries through which they passed, the sources of their wealth, or the state of civilization and manners among the mass of the people. The canal of Languedoc, from the praises which it had received, naturally excited the curiosity of our travellers: but what was their astonishment when they found that it was nothing more than a *large ditch*? They looked at each other and laughed.

During the stay of our author at Rome, the arrival of the emperor Francis, who was then travelling through different parts of the continent, occasioned a very great sensation in that city. Of this our author has furnished some striking instances.

'The populace,' says Mr. D. 'followed him every where, with extraordinary exclamations, and cried continually, *Long live the king of the Romans, you are in your own territories, you are our master.* I conversed one day with prince de Guistiniani on the subject of this affection of the Roman populace for the emperor; and he informed me that the same sentiment prevailed generally

with all the men of rank in Rome, and that the emperor would be crowned there, upon the mere expression of a wish. One day, while the emperor walked among the ruins of the ancient Roman forum, the spot was in a moment covered with people, who repeated their accustomed cries of *Long live the king of the Romans, you are our lawful sovereign.* He turned to the crowd and put his finger on his lips; a profound silence ensued, such as could scarcely have been credited considering the greatness of the multitude: but as soon as he ceased to restrain them by his gestures, they again importuned him with the same cries, and he was forced to quit the place.' (Vol. i. p. 276.)

From Rome our traveller proceeded to Vienna; and he has presented us with a picture of the brilliancy and magnificence of that court, which is the more striking, when we contrast it with the now ruined fortunes of the house of Austria.

On the arrival of our travellers at Potzdam, the caprice of the celebrated Frederick at first refused to see Mr. Dutens; but our author was not thus easily disappointed; aware of the weak vanity of the Prussian monarch, he immediately set himself to write verses, praising in the most extravagant strains the beauties of Potzdam, and extolling to the skies the talents of the king. Care was taken that they should be thrown in the way of his majesty, who readily swallowed the bait, and, after a little hesitation, consented that the author should be introduced to him. During the short interview which took place, nothing passed deserving of notice, and the king contented himself with a few questions on the subject of Mr. D.'s travels.

When our author returned to England, he found the duke of Northumberland in opposition, and was grievously mortified to learn, that a very rich benefice of which he had received the promise, had been bestowed in consequence upon another; for the minister, he informs us, was glad to seize this opportunity of disobliging the duke, by preventing the preferment of his friend. His grace expressed much regret for Mr. D.'s disappointment, and presented him with the sum of 1000*l.*, assuring him at the same time, that he would take the earliest opportunity of promoting his interests. But the favour which the duke afterwards regained at court, served in no degree to advance the fortunes of our author, although he waited with exemplary patience for the space of ten long years. Indeed, the character of this nobleman seems to have suffered very materially in the estimation of Mr. Dutens, in consequence of this negligent conduct. To the disinterested reader, however, we con-

ceive that the situation of the author will appear to have been abundantly comfortable, and the behaviour of the duke by no means deficient in gratitude and generosity; for we must recollect that the benefice which Mr. D. now enjoyed, was originally the gift of that nobleman, although procured at the instance of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie. Our author is but seldom out of humour with his acquaintances, and in general contrives to exhibit a very flattering picture of their worth and talents; he is one of the best natured travellers with whom we have met; for if we except the duke, and the French philosophers who laughed at his writings, the publication before us is almost one continued strain of eulogium. With whatever delight this spirit may be viewed by those who are personally concerned, or by their friends, we humbly conceive, that an occasional dash of shade would not only have rendered the picture more true to nature, but have served, at the same time, to bring out the principal features of the portrait.

In consequence of a visit which Mr. D. paid to the comtesse de Boufflers at Paris, he is led to present us with a view of the Parisian manners as they then existed (1777). The empire of the women and the prevailing philosophy of the times, form the principal objects of his animadversion; and he seems to think that there is little room to wonder at the disorders which ensued in France, when we recollect the power and extent which female influence had attained. The French philosophers, with very few exceptions, share a fate still worse than the ladies; for the publications of our author in opposition to their doctrines, had attracted the criticisms of Condorcet, whom he has accordingly laboured to represent as a man of frivolous and superficial acquirements. He has recorded several interesting anecdotes of M. d'Alembert, which we would willingly, did our limits permit, present to our readers. The connection of this philosopher with Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, and the literary circle which met at her house, afford the author an opportunity of representing, with what indiscriminating tyranny these self-erected judges decided upon the merits of every performance, which appeared at all hostile to their received ideas.

In the retirement of Chanteloup, Mr. Dutens enjoyed the intimacy and friendship of the Duc de Choiseul, which has furnished him with a copious fund of description and remark: but it may surprise our readers to be informed, that it is less the character and conduct of his noble entertainer, than the detail of his magnificent establishment, and the wonderful stories with which the evenings were passed away,

that occupy the attention of our traveller. The number of servants in livery, the daily consumption of bread, and the gradation of tables at Chanteloup, form the most valuable items of his interesting observations. Indeed, we have more than once remarked, in the perusal of these volumes, a strong predilection for the office of mâitre d'hotel, which is abundantly exemplified in the accuracy with which our author states the number of covers and lamps, and the decorations with which the apartments were furnished, at the many splendid fêtes where he had the honour of appearing.

On the return of Mr. Dutens from a tour in Italy, which he had undertaken with Mr. Mackenzie, we find him breathing nothing but spirit and independence. He was now resolved to repose and enjoy himself in tranquillity; to renounce the world and all its vain hopes, which he had seen so often frustrated.

'I had now,' says he, 'nearly reached the age of fifty: was it not therefore time that I should live for myself after living so long for others? What had I gained by the fifteen years court which I had paid to the great, to men in place, and to persons possessed of interest? Had I not, on the contrary, rather run myself into debt by my connection with them? Had they even dreamt of sympathising for my situation, and procuring an addition to my income? This income, besides, was it not sufficient for all my wants, if I wished to live like a man of my years, who possessed resources in his own mind, and was not without friends of his own rank, who required no other attentions but such as they would willingly return?' (Vol. ii. p. 122.)

Warm with these feelings, he waved the offers of the duke of Northumberland, who anxiously desired to attach him to his person with a handsome annual allowance; he even withdrew himself into the country to avoid the unpleasant circumstance of returning a positive denial. But, whatever might have been the high-minded independence, we had almost said the insatiable desires of this disgusted traveller, we are not by any means prepared to coincide with the extraordinary spirit of the following passage:

'I was altogether ashamed,' he observes, 'of the *simplicity of my character*, and of the ignorance of the great in which I had till then remained, although I had spent with them the better part of my life: I *blushed* to think that I had lost so much time in being the *dupe* of him from whom I had the best right to expect reward. But, to satisfy my love of moderation, which would not suffer me to break completely with the duke, I pretended a journey into the country, that I might be at a distance from him; and I provided my portfolio with Regnier's Satire on the Great, that I might have always by me, this excellent preservative against the allurements of their acquaintance.' (Vol. ii. p. 138.)

The very next event in the history of our author proves the firmness of his decisions, and his anxiety to withdraw from all connection with the great. No sooner did he hear that lord Mountstuart was appointed ambassador to the king of Sardinia, than he wrote to congratulate his lordship on the occasion, with a view, as he himself admits, of being invited to pay a new visit to Turin. The immediate effect of his letter was an earnest request from lord M. that he would accompany the embassy in the character of secretary; to which, at the solicitation of lord Bute, he, in the end, *reluctantly* consented. But, although Mr. D. exerted all his arts of pleasing, and paid the most uninterrnitted attention to the *grossesse* of my lady, for whom he invented a litter to convey her safely over the Alps; in spite of every thing which a most obliging and accommodating disposition could suggest, Mr. D. proved disagreeable to the ambassador; and he at last found his situation so extremely uncomfortable, that he requested permission to withdraw from Turin. After his return to England, he again relinquished his determination to retire from public life, which this misunderstanding with lord Mountstuart had anew inspired, and accepted the situation of secretary to lord Walsingham, who had been appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid. In contemplation of this office, he received an increase of his pension, with an annuity from lord W., but as the appointment was resigned by that nobleman for a more lucrative situation, the services of his secretary were, of course, no longer required.

After the death of the duke of Northumberland, and of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, who bequeathed to Mr. D. a third part of his property, our author principally attached himself to lord Macartney, whose friendship he enjoyed, and of whom he has drawn a most flattering character.

Such are the principal events in the life of one, whom we cannot help regarding as among the most favoured of the children of fortune. As a statesman, the few remarks which these volumes contain, furnish abundant proofs of the slenderness of our author's talents; but as a courtier, every thing presages success, and the memoirs which we have now considered, prove with what rewards his exertions were crowned. Turn for a moment to the early period of his life, when he solicited unsuccessfully the situation of tutor in the family of lady Dysart; trace his progress to the favour of lord Bute, see him possessed of an income greatly more than adequate to all his wants, then listen to the complaints of this writer, and patiently hear him declare himself a simpleton and a dupe.

The author has been at pains to shew, that amid all his avocations he found time to pursue the peculiar studies of his ecclesiastical situation; and he has even offered among his *Ana* a view of the arguments in proof of Christianity: he omits at the same time, no opportunity of pointing out to us his uniform adherence to the principles of genuine morality, and concludes by observing, that the memoirs he is about to finish afford a striking instance of the certain guide which religion always proves amid the most pressing difficulties of life. So eager is our author to impress us with an idea of his strict and unalterable regard to truth, that he gravely cautions us, in an advertisement, lest we give credit to the story of *the farmer near Arras*, introduced into his Memoirs, which he had innocently invented to dissipate the *ennui* of the princess de Carignan. But we believe there are few who would not at first sight recognise it for a fiction, and one too that is told with no uncommon judgment or address. He would have done wiser had he been as scrupulous in his relation of occurrences where the reader is less able to detect mistakes. It is not a little singular that the publication of this work, in which the author so confidently boasts of the unimpeachable truth of his assertions, should have occasioned the appearance of a paragraph in all the public prints, contradicting one of the numerous stories which he had picked up in conversation. Count Woronzow, late Russian minister at this court, has adopted this decided mode of denying the account which our author has given of the military prowess of the count, and of the favour with which his son was treated by prince Titzianoff: and we mistake much, if it was not at the same time stated, that the story was published in spite of an assurance on the part of this nobleman that it had no foundation in truth. When we consider the circumstances now mentioned, it will not appear unreasonable if we receive with partial distrust many of the stories, which our author has so industriously collected from the conversation of every one with whom he chanced to meet.

We were more amused than satisfied with the show of erudition which appears throughout this work; nor could we forbear a smile when we perused the catalogue of his travelling library, and the account of the extraordinary opinions which he seems to hold upon chemical subjects. Metals, he gravely informs us, are a mixture of vitrifiable earth, vitriolic salt, and sulphur (iii. 73); and he has hinted, with an admirable ingenuity, which we fear modern philosophers will not successfully improve, that it is probable the juices which form the earth of metals, may by uniting with *proper*

salts and sulphurs form the various *genera* and *species* of metals. (iii. 74.)

The volumes before us are written in an easy and familiar style, and betray no deficiency in the number of superlatives, and complimentary phrases, for which French writers are so generally remarkable.

A very prominent feature in the character of our author is the peculiar favour which he uniformly experienced from the ladies. At a very early period he commenced his career of tender regards, and the many histories of Miss Wyche, Miss Taylor, &c. &c. furnish abundant proofs that his fascinating charms did not diminish as he advanced in life.

Although it must be allowed that a little labour may enable the reader to extract from the memoirs before us an amusing anecdote, or a ludicrous story, yet he will find some difficulty in wading through a multitude of familiar facts and trite jokes; and should he happily succeed, we fear he will be still more inclined to indulge in repose than the tired traveller whom he has thus patiently accompanied.

We find from the newspapers that this work has lately been translated into English.

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ART. II.—*Christian Politics, in four Parts, by Ely Bates, Esq.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

IT is now several years since Mr. Bates published a short tract, under the title of 'A cursory View of Civil Government.' That performance, it seems, did not obtain, and, if we may believe the author's own testimony, did not very much deserve any great share of the public patronage. Thinking, however, that the subject is still of high importance, and perhaps deeming himself now more fitted for an adequate discussion of it, than he was at the time of his former publication, he has taken back again to himself that which the public, it appears, were not disposed to retain with much pertinacity; and, as we are to suppose, by rejecting the bad, and retaining, enlarging, and extending the good, he has produced a new and much more copious volume. We have not at this distance of time a very clear recollection of the Cursory View; but as the author informs us that he found it small and inconvenient, we are willing to believe that the present, as it is a much larger, so it may also be a much more valuable and commodious edifice.

We do not seem to ourselves to have collected the author's design in this work (for Mr. Bates is not always sufficiently clear and explanatory for our apprehension,) from any

part of it, so satisfactorily as we think it may be *inferred* from the *effect* which he wishes it to produce upon his readers; which is, 'that the secular politician should learn to be a better Christian, and the Christian to be a better subject than he was before.'

And, in truth, a work which should be well calculated to produce these salutary consequences, by the medium of an exposition of the nature and importance of religion and civil government, and of their mutual relations to and dependencies upon each other, must needs be of very great utility, and would therefore justly demand a very large share of commendation.

The Christian indeed has his *conversation* (πολίτευμα) in heaven, and knows that he has here no *continuing city*; yet is he taught also to do good unto all men, to offer up his prayers and intercessions for kings and all that are in authority, and to be subject and obedient unto magistrates not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake. Earth is his pathway for a time, and his care therefore must be to order his steps aright upon it, even while his eye is fixed on the lamp of eternity:

'Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.'

Hence, a large sphere of duty is opened to him in his relations to the country to which he belongs, and the government of that country. It will be his duty to be a pattern to his brethren in fidelity and patriotism, and in the deference and obedience of a willing and humble mind. He will be strict and honest in bearing his part in the discharge of the public burthens; he will carefully avoid every act and expression of a captious, censorious and discontented demeanour; from all faction and party he will keep himself for ever disengaged, excepting in so far as he joins with good men in the promotion of the public welfare, and will be contented and thankful for that portion of quiet, protection, and liberty which he enjoys. Knowing too that all earthly things are temporary and full of imperfection, he will never dream of, nor aspire after impracticable schemes, and visionary impossible theories; but will rather learn and teach to others to learn, from those very imperfections and evils which he discerns, one lesson of piety, and another of contentment and moderation, remembering that he looks for another time and place than these present, in which that which is perfect shall come, and that which is in part shall be done away.

On the other hand, a wise governor has, besides all political cares, a large share of other duties in connection with

true religion. In fact, he is himself in this sense a minister of religion, that it is the perfection of his office to provide that they who are under his charge shall be enabled to live in that state of peace of mind and external comfort, which may afford to religion the best opportunity to exercise its various labours and ministrations for the discipline, the welfare, and the happiness of mankind. He will remember that man lives only to live well; and that to live well is to live religiously here, and happily hereafter. He will not therefore in his own person and example seem to be indifferent to those great objects. The aim of his power will be excited to punish what is evil, to cherish the good, to oversee his charge that they do not go on to spoil, injure, and devour each other,

'Nec propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.'

He will exert also all his wisdom, and all the influence and power which he is able, consistently with his peculiar office with regard to the temporal concerns of his subjects, that they shall enjoy, according to their own desires, the best opportunities and means of religious instruction and religious worship. While he borrows from the awful sanctions of religion her aid in the security of the lives and property and peace of mankind, he will be careful to repay to her the influence and assistance of his own example, protection, and patronage. If among contending professions of religion it be necessary, as sound policy and the almost universal experience of mankind seem to prescribe, that he associate himself more closely in all those respects with one to the exclusion of the remainder, he will still be careful of the rights of all men, and beware that no evil passion in the bosom of his associate shall instigate him to unsheath the temporal sword against any other sect or profession of religion.

These and such as these are subjects, into which the scheme of Mr. Bates's work naturally leads him to inquire. And, as he justly says, if such subjects are only moderately well treated of, they can hardly fail to yield some profit both to the political and the Christian reader.

The titles of the parts into which the work is divided, are (1.) A view of civil government in its influence on virtue and happiness, chiefly from the relation it bears to liberty and property. (2). The importance of religion both to society and the individual; with reflections on religious establishments and toleration. (3). The conduct of a good citizen, particularly under any moderate government. (4). The way to live happily under all governments, and in all situations.

With regard to the execution of his performance, Mr.

Bates speaks of it with modesty and diffidence, and, to say the truth, in terms which upon the whole shew, in our judgment, that he has formed a pretty fair estimate of its value. The writer, whatever may be the case in other works, which he has before composed, or shall hereafter execute, certainly in the Christian Politics does not rank with the first authors of the past, or of the present age. The plan and scheme of the volume are not laid out with much of the science or the skill of a masterly architect. The subdivisions of the work, the several matters separately treated of, seldom shew any thing of a remarkable and singular felicity, or of extraordinary labour successfully bestowed in the execution. Very seldom are we prompted to exclaim, 'This is like a man whose habit it is to get quite to the bottom of his subject!' Neither is the stile at all distinguished by any uncommon perspicuity, or animation, or elegance. The writer, we believe, invariably means well; his book possesses the valuable requisites of piety, patriotism, and philanthropy; his sense is good, but not profound; his powers and stores of writing are respectable, but not admirable; altogether, he has composed a book which deserves commendation both for its design and execution; and which obtaining a reasonable share of the public applause and patronage, and bringing in a moderate portion of profit to the author and bookseller, will do some good intrinsically by its own worth, and some more in the way of prevention, by occupying the place and time which might have been devoted to less innocent and less profitable volumes, but will yet, we presume, hardly be much known to future generations.

It may be proper to enter a little further into some part of the book by way of specimen, to lay before our readers the materials for forming a more full and correct estimate of its nature and value. Let us take up the second part, which relates to 'the Importance of Religion both to Society and the Individual, &c.'

From this title and what we can gather of the nature of this division of the work, we are to understand, we presume, that it is one of those which chiefly concern the governor and politician; a portion from which, in Mr. B.'s words, he is to learn to be a better Christian. We make this previous remark, because for our own parts we cannot but think that it is very well when the reader has a tolerably clear notion what the author would be at, and what he is himself reading about.

The first section of this part designs to exhibit the importance of religion 'both to society and the individual.' The

three next are severally upon toleration without an establishment; an establishment without toleration; and on an establishment with a toleration, and this either complete or partial. The fifth and last describes the most effectual methods by which an established church may support itself under a complete toleration.

The nature of Mr. Bates's work bears some sort of resemblance to a kind of alliance between church and state: and he goes over a considerable extent of like ground to that trodden by Bishop Warburton in his Alliance, and some other works. It is to the injury of Mr. Bates that we cannot get that great man out of our heads, while Mr. Bates's volume is within our hands. For truly the comparison is highly to the disadvantage of the present writer. Indeed, what writer of such as men are now-a-days, '*οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι*,' would not be looked upon as a pigmy in the view and presence of the gigantic Warburton? In the first section of the part now before us, Mr. Bates assails the philosophic paradox, that a wise legislation is all which is necessary to make the world virtuous and happy, and that religion therefore is not wanted by, and is no care nor concern of the civil governor. To overthrow this crude and senseless notion, and to convince the governor that it is his interest and his duty to take religion under his protection and jurisdiction, we should suppose was meant to be, and certainly might be a suitable groundwork and preparation to the following sections. But here we have an instance of the insufficiency of Mr. Bates's logic. For after a whole section directed against Helvetius, and Reynal, and Bayle, &c. &c., at the end the question is left undetermined, and the governor unconvinced whether religion is or is not within his jurisdiction, and therefore he remains, so far as he is to learn his duty from Mr. Bates, under no obligation either to tolerate all, or any religion, or to protect an established one; and we are left in something like the case of a man who should dream of erecting a mansion by beginning at the battlements, and descending down to the foundation.

The section ends as follows:

'But waving at present, any abstract inquiry, either into the rights of the magistrate or the rights of conscience, in the concerns of religion, we shall confine our attention to a practical view of the subject; and proceed to a consideration of the consequences and effects, first, of a toleration without an establishment; secondly, of an establishment without a toleration; and, lastly, of an establishment together with a toleration. When this is done, we may be better able to de-

termine, whether in any, or in what degree, religion falls within the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate.'

And yet, as far as we can see, Mr. Bates returns no more to this important question, but leaves in this undecided condition that which, if our judgment does not greatly mislead us, is fundamental and essential to one half of his subject—we mean to that which respects the rights and obligations of the civil governor in regard to religion.

The argument of the second section is toleration without an establishment. From this we shall afford Mr. Bates an opportunity of speaking for himself.

'Toleration has been distinguished by some into *complete* and *partial*. They consider it as *complete*, when a subject, beside the undisturbed profession and exercise of his religion, is admissible to every privilege and office belonging to the civil government; and as *partial*, when he is left under any political incapacity, though he may be permitted to enjoy his religious liberty in the fullest extent. This distinction and explanation, for the sake of perspicuity, we shall here adopt.

'The proper subjects of a complete toleration, we understand to be those who can give a reasonable security to the state for their behaviour as good citizens; those who can only give a dubious security, we consider as subjects of a partial toleration; and those who can give *none*, we absolutely exclude from the rank of citizens.

'Accordingly, we allow no place in the scale of toleration, either to men who deny those fundamental principles of morality which are necessary to the very existence of society; such, for instance, as bind us to the performance of our engagements, or prohibit any external injury to others: or to professed atheists: or to those who hold the doctrine of intolerance. Not to the first, since it is evident they can give no valid security to the state for their good behaviour, who deny that any such *can* be given; not to the second, because (as Locke observes) promises, covenants, and oaths, which are the bonds of human society, can have no hold upon an atheist; neither to the last, since it can never be consistent with the public safety to tolerate those who only wait for power and opportunity to tyrannize over others, and deprive them of their most sacred liberties. These are exclusions whose necessity and justice is so apparent, that they are strenuously defended by many of the most zealous champions of freedom; among whom the name of Locke stands highly distinguished.

'The question, as it respects the toleration of papists, is not so easily settled. Whether the members of a church which, for nearly a thousand years, has arrogated to itself, besides other dangerous claims, a right of deposing heretical princes, and of releasing their subjects from every bond of allegiance, may be safely admitted, in a protestant state, to a civil equality with the rest of its members, or

even to an open profession of their religion, is, at the present period, a point of particular importance, of very difficult consideration, and of hazardous decision. Locke, in his time, thought that popery was no fit subject of toleration; whether it is fitter now, will doubtless be well weighed by our political rulers, before they take any further steps in its favour. For, notwithstanding that it is regarded by some as an interest ready to die away of itself, it would seem not a little improbable, that an interest which has lived so long, and prevailed so much in the world, should finally expire without some convulsive, or, perhaps, some dreadful struggle. And I cannot forbear, on this occasion, to cite a passage from a French writer, who, though in religion *a lying oracle*, was certainly not wanting in political sagacity: "there is only one case," says he, "in which toleration may become fatal to a country; it is when it tolerates an intolerant religion; and such is the Roman catholic. This religion no sooner obtains the ascendant in a state, than it is sure to shed the blood of its stupid protectors; it is a serpent which stings the bosom which cherishes it. Let Germany be aware of this, as its princes have a particular interest to enter into a communion which offers them large establishments; and when they are become catholic, they will not fail to compel the faith of their subjects, even by the most violent methods, should gentler ones prove ineffectual. The fires of superstition and intolerance are not yet thoroughly extinguished; a light breath would kindle them afresh, and set Europe in a blaze. Where the conflagration would stop, it is impossible to foretel. Would Holland be sure to escape? Would Great Britain be able from the height of her cliffs to brave the catholic fury? The ocean is but an impotent barrier against fanaticism. What should hinder it from preaching a new crusade; from arming Europe against England: from there striking root, and one day treating the British, as it formerly treated the Albigenses?"

'May heaven manifest in the event the fallibility of human foresight; and pour down both on papist and protestant such a measure of knowledge and charity, as shall dispose them to lay aside their mutual prejudices and animosities, with whatever is erroneous or corrupt in faith or worship, and unite them in the bonds of truth and peace!'

In the course of the volume many other interesting subjects are treated of, and generally with that portion of good sense, useful learning, and benevolent intention which we have already described. We should probably have dismissed the volume with higher commendations, if it had not, from the nature of the subject, so often led us into paths which we have investigated before under the guidance of Locke and Warburton, and other prime dignitaries in the regions of sound literature.

ART. III.—*A History of Ireland from the earliest Accounts, to the Union with Great Britain in* 1801. *By the Rev. James Gordon.* 2 *Vols. Octavo.* Longman. 1806.

THE author of this performance is already known to the world, by a history of the Irish rebellion of 1798, in which he displayed a degree of candour and impartiality, not very agreeable to either party, but particularly offensive to the loyalists. The same essential qualities of an historian are to be found in the work before us: and this is no ordinary praise; for such has been the wretchedly narrow and cruel policy of this government in its relations with Ireland, that an Irishman who can sit down to compose a temperate account of the wrongs and disasters of his country, must have obtained a most difficult and laudable conquest over his own feelings.

But when we have proclaimed the spirit of candour and moderation in which these volumes are composed, we have done all that critical integrity will allow. 'The head and front of their deserving, hath this extent, no more.' They have none of those charms which constitute the attraction of historical narrative, and their style is frequently obscure and generally inelegant. We despair of being able to select a single passage which shall impress the public with a very favourable opinion of Mr. Gordon's powers of writing.

The copious discussion on the subject of Irish history, into which we were led in our consideration of Mr. Plowden's Review, &c. [Crit. Rev. June, 1805.] will greatly abridge the labour of our present analysis, especially as the dimensions of Mr. Gordon's work are, compared with that ponderous compilation, extremely moderate.

The first chapter contains a sketch of the geography of the country. The three next are devoted to a succinct and hasty account of its condition till the invasion of Henry II. Mr G. is entirely exempt from all prejudices respecting the power, the civilization, and the literature of Ireland, in times beyond the light of authentic history. The splendours of the Milesian dynasty are regarded by him as absolute fictions, and are dismissed in a tone of disrespect which, however offensive to national pride, we do not feel ourselves disposed very severely to censure.

The next eight chapters bring us to the reign of Henry VIII. and present nothing but a tedious and disgusting series of tyranny and rebellion. The imperfect establishment of the reformation, the conquest of the country by the arms of

Elizabeth, and the benevolent and well-intentioned government of James occupy five more chapters, and are related with sufficient clearness and spirit.

The disastrous reign of Charles I is treated with the same undeviating impartiality which distinguishes the whole work. The author does not suffer himself to be betrayed into any vulgar invective against the vigorous but arbitrary government of Strafford. Though not blind to the vexatious and despotic violence, with which that great statesman often insulted the pride, and trampled on the liberties of the Irish, he still makes a just and liberal statement of his merits, and of the essential blessings the country derived from the activity and wisdom of his administration.

'The constant revenue was also much improved, the money well applied for the public service, and a sum reserved for extraordinary occasions. The army was well disciplined, regularly paid, preserved in good condition, inoffensive to the peaceable subjects, and formidable to the enemies of government. Wentworth was a tyrant but his tyranny was tempered with wisdom. Sensible how much the power and glory of a monarch depended on the prosperity of his people, he was so assiduously attentive to the peace, intellectual improvement, and industry of the Irish, that, though individuals often felt the arrogance of his temper, the nation in general had reason to be grateful for the benefits arising from the vigour of his administration. The church was improved in its revenue and in the respectability of its ministers. Protected by a strictness before unknown in the execution of English law, unusual numbers, and with unusual attention, applied their thoughts to pursuits of industry, the consequences of which appeared in the rising value of lands, the augmented quantity of products for exportation, and such an encrease of commerce that the shipping of Ireland was multiplied a hundred fold. For the encouragement of traffic, this deputy, so zealous for the promotion of the power and revenue of his master, used his influence for the abolition of oppressive duties on the importation of coals and horses into Ireland, and on the exportation of live cattle.

'By Wentworth's endeavours a manufacture of linen cloth was established in Ulster. A nascent fabrication of woollen drapery was discouraged, lest it should come into competition with that of England, and for the purpose that Ireland should be dependant on that country for the cloathing of its inhabitants, and consequently less prone to a political separation. To make amends for this injustice, the deputy exerted himself so strenuously for the encouragement of linen, that he took a share in the enterprise at the expence, according to his own statement, of thirty thousand pounds from his private fortune. As flax had been long known to thrive in this country, and many of the women were spinners, hopes of success were early conceived. Flax seed was brought from Holland; weavers, from

several parts of the Low Countries and from France; looms were fabricated; and regulations framed for the prevention of defects in the cloth by fraud or negligence. Experience has proved the propriety of the plan, since this manufacture, notwithstanding its interruption in its infancy, by a desolating civil war, became in time the principal support of the wealth of Ireland.'

Throughout the perplexed and afflicting period of rebellion of 1641, Mr. G. preserves his usual temperance and moderation; and though his information is not perhaps so full and detailed as might be desired by one previously unacquainted with the facts, yet it is as copious and circumstantial as the scheme and dimensions of his work would admit. The causes of this frightful commotion, are judiciously and truly stated in the following passage:

'Various were the causes of discontent, promotive of a rebellious inclination in the people of Ireland; the hatred of the old Irish to what they regarded as an injurious usurpation of their country by the English government; the abuses and oppressions committed in the management of plantations by adventurers, commissioners and agents; the harassing and dispossessing of proprietors by fictions of law and revival of obsolete claims of the crown: the insincerity of the king who so often evaded the confirmation of the graces: the impolitic and selfish insolence of new-comers from England, who represented to the government, and affected to consider, all the natives of Ireland, both of English and Irish blood without distinction, as disaffected and dangerous: the rigorous government of Strafford, which, though salutary to the general welfare, was by wanton insolence rendered odious: and the pestilent preaching of ecclesiastics educated abroad, who laboured with unhappy success to infuse into their hearers the most rancorous hatred of heresy and heretical government. Schemes of insurrection were long meditated, and so early as the year 1634, Heber Mac-Mahon, a Romish ecclesiastic, informed lord Strafford that a general rebellion was intended with assistance from some foreign courts, and that himself had been employed abroad in the soliciting of such assistance.'

These causes, brought into more active operation by the concurrence of many circumstances favourable to the views of the insurgents, are abundantly sufficient to account for all the horrors of that calamitous period, without resorting to the malignant sophistry, with which the world has been insulted by the most violent of the catholic party, and which represents the rebellion as a legitimate warfare against parliamentary usurpation. That the designs of the rebels rendered such a pretext often highly convenient there can be little doubt; and it seems also extremely probable that by this pretext, the lords of the Pale were in a great measure

allured into a co-operation with the insurgents, though partly driven to defection by the conduct of those infamous and miserable governors, (Parsons and Borlase,) to whom the parliament had entrusted the country. The extravagant absurdity however of such a pretence has been sufficiently exposed before,* and it is indeed perfectly astonishing that it could ever have gained credit with the most ill-informed or bigoted catholic, after the events were past away which rendered the imposture useful.

The protectorship of Cromwell is dismissed in a single chapter, of which the most interesting part is the just tribute paid by the author to the political talent and truly Roman disinterestedness of Henry Cromwell:

'Henry Cromwell, who had, after his inspection of Irish affairs, returned to England, was sent again into Ireland, first as a military officer, and afterwards as lord deputy, in Fleetwood's place; where he acted with such temper and ability, that his father declared that himself might receive instructions from his son. Though the military officers were discontented and refractory; though the nation was exhausted, oppressed, and unable to support so great an army, while no supplies were sent from England, and the revenue was drained by grants to particular creatures of the protector; and though Ireland was sometimes totally neglected by the English government amid more weighty concerns; yet this deputy so reconciled men's minds to the new government, that, while great discontents prevailed in England, addresses were transmitted from the army and every county in Ireland, expressing resolutions of adhering to the protector, against all who, from private animosity, should endeavour to throw the public again into combustion. On the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the accession of his eldest son Richard to the protectorship, who confirmed Henry in his government with the title of lord lieutenant, the same assurances were renewed; but in consequence of new revolutions in England, by which Richard was deposed, Henry was ordered to resign, and the civil government to be consigned to commissioners, while the command of the military forces in this kingdom was committed to Ludlow. Dreading lest the lord lieutenant should avail himself of his power and popularity to retain his place by force, the commissioners employed Sir Hardress Waller to surprize the castle of Dublin: but Henry, too generous to embroil the public for personal views, had determined to resign; and he retired to the Phœnix park, so poor, from his disinterested administration, that he could not immediately procure money to defray the expences of his voyage to his own country.'

In his account of the reign of Charles II. Mr. G. does complete justice to the exalted wisdom, and unsullied loyalty

* Crit. Rev. ante, Vol. V. p. 121, &c.

of the great Duke of Ormond, a character to whom the celebrated lines of Hudibras may perhaps be applied with more emphatic propriety than to any other in the history of these kingdoms :

> Loyalty is still the same
> Whether it win or lose the game;
> True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shined upon!

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing a passage, which exhibits in a striking point of view the disinterested and steady virtue of that illustrious man.

'Charges against Ormond of misconduct in his government proved false and frivolous on solemn examinations before the privy council. Neither humbled nor provoked by the coldness of his sovereign, he attended the court, and took his place in the council, as if he were still in favour, neither concealing his opinions on public affairs, nor betraying any resentment. Such dignified behaviour provoked Buckingham to say to the king, "Sir, I wish to know whether it be the duke of Ormond that is out of favour with your majesty, or your majesty with the duke of Ormond; for, of the two, you seem most out of countenance." Yet Ormond was so sensible of his want of interest, that when colonel Cary Dillon solicited his interference, declaring that he had no friends but God and his grace, he replied, "Alas, poor Cary, thou couldest not have named two friends of less interest, or less respected at court." At length in April 1677, the king resolved to re-admit him into administration. On seeing the duke advancing to pay his usual attendance, he said to the persons near him, "yonder comes Ormond; I have done all in my power to disoblige him, and to make him as discontented as others; but he will be loyal in spite of me. I must even employ him again, and he is the fittest person to govern Ireland."

The period of Irish history between the revolution of 1688 and the commencement of the present reign, we regard as highly disgraceful to an age in most respects so enlightened as the eighteenth century. The historian has little to record but a miserable system of ignorant persecution and impolitic commercial restriction. In this part of his narration Mr. G. is rather hasty and concise; nor can we express much displeasure against him for passing rapidly over transactions, the contemplation of which is so painful. The errors of our government, however, though they are not made the subject of loud and angry declamation, inconsistent with the dignity of history, are exposed with sufficient distinctness to hold them up to the reprobation of future ages. Every thing which could retard the maturity of those vast resources, which a more enlightened conduct might have

drawn from Ireland, was practised with the most persevering constancy; and the policy of our ministers seems on the whole to have been almost as barbarous and as blind as that of an exasperated peasantry, who in times of scarcity indulge their resentment against their avaricious landlords by burning their corn and hamstringing their cattle.

The reign of his present majesty has been distinguished by a spirit of concession, which though highly honourable to his councils, was, we are persuaded, the only means of preserving Ireland to the empire. The act which declared the independence of the Irish parliament we regard as a most fortunate experiment, since it placed the two kingdoms in such an unsteady and ambiguous state of connection as convinced all the wise and moderate of both countries of the necessity of incorporating their legislatures.

The author's account of the rebellion of 1798 and the causes which led to it, is of course but an abridgment of his larger work, already before the public. Of this part of the performance we have little to remark except the decided disapprobation he expresses of the last war, and the strong coercive measures adopted by government at the commencement of the French revolution. As these opinions are not accompanied by any perversion of facts, we are willing that he should enjoy them without molestation. The disgraceful enormities committed both by rebels and loyalists he states with unexceptionable impartiality. We cordially agree with him in reprobating that shameful want of discipline which rendered the royal army 'formidable to every one but the enemy,' and in believing that much misery and bloodshed might have been spared by an earlier resolution to put the kingdom under the care of that venerable patriot, for whose loss the hearts of his countrymen are still bleeding, Marquis Cornwallis.

We have before said that the chief merit of this performance, is its moderation and impartiality. The following passages, by shewing the difficulties which beset the historian in the search of truth, will teach the world to estimate the value of this commendation:

'From the capitulation of Limerick I reluctantly part with Dr. Leland, my faithful guide from the first arrival of the Stronbownian English to that event, whose history, so impartial as to offend the shallow and violent of every party, is compiled from a great number of original historians and other documents. Through *his* period of Irish transactions I have chiefly followed his compilation, more in the matter than the arrangement, comparing it with his authorities, sometimes using his words, as I took not the least pains either to

avoid or adopt his expressions, but indifferently availed myself of whatever terms readily occurred, and seemed fit for the purpose. Notwithstanding the supplies afforded me by gentlemen of liberal spirit, a few of the less important materials, from which this respectable writer has compiled, have been beyond my reach, particularly some manuscripts. Some had been communicated to the doctor by the famous Edmund Burke, who, from partiality to catholics, and violence in favour of whatever party he espoused, was highly offended when he found that the historian was not seduced by his documents from the medium of rectitude. Such has been my own case when I wrote an account of the local rebellion in 1798. I was obligingly supplied with information by men of opposite parties, who were much disappointed when they perceived that my history was not composed in favour of either, but written from a comparison of different narratives with one another and my own experience.'

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'In writing a history of the late rebellion to guard against deception was extremely difficult. A gentleman very fit for the task, as not being a factionist, nor in any *dependant* profession, had conceived the design, and was collecting materials, but found so strong a desire to mislead him in men of different parties, that he relinquished the business in despair, protesting that he could not believe a sentence from either orangemen or croppy. From motives of a cogent nature I also undertook the design, though aware of the danger, and less fit than this gentleman from my situation in life. By the difficulties of investigating truth, to which I had been long accustomed, I was not deterred; and I had ample opportunities of enquiry, especially from loyalists who resorted to Dublin for claims of subsistence or compensation. In fact my whole employment for near three months in the metropolis was the assisting of this kind of people in the procuring of their claims; and, as my design of writing was unknown to them, their answers to my enquiries were less apt to be fictitious. A history of this history would really be curious; but to give it here would be improper, and to give it ever I wish to avoid, for the sake of men, who may, I hope, be convinced of their errors by time and reflection. A few words on that subject may at present suffice. When I had written a considerable part, I suddenly relinquished the design altogether for a great length of time, and again suddenly resumed and brought it to completion. It was deformed in its publication, and its second edition long delayed. I have been persecuted on its account by factionists in a manner which in another country, or at another period of time, might appear very strange. I thank God that I have as yet escaped with life, without material injury, and even without much fear or disquietude. Though my nerves are remarkably weak, I have a mental courage which defies every danger, when conscience is sound.'

Of these volumes the subordinate faults are many. The author affects to write 'monarchal' for 'monarchical,' and

'annexion' for annexation.' We have such words as 'congenerous,' 'ostentive,' 'inveterably.' In Vol. i. p. 270 we read of a person '*retiring* into ill health.' We much doubt whether 'incaution' be legitimate; it is certainly inelegant. 'Post-assembly' is a very awkward compound. The structure of sentences is often strangely inverted;—for instance: 'of lands the devastation, of men, in the first fury of assault, the slaughter was horrible.' Vol. i. p. 126. And, 'By this were regarded as announced the sentiments of administration.' Vol. ii. p. 493.

An Appendix is subjoined to the work, containing, I. Notices of ancient authors concerning Ireland from Orpheus to Orosius. II. Some sentences of the ancient Punic language from the Pænulus of Plautus, collated with an equal number of Irish sentences, and so translated into English by General Vallancey. These are given without any comment by Mr. Gordon, for the gratification of those who can please themselves with finding as many illustrious alliances as possible in the pedigree of the Irish language. III. The capitulation of Limerick. IV. The act of Union.

On the whole we think this work may be a useful and respectable compendium of Irish history.

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ART. IV. *Surgical Observations, Part the Second, containing an Account of the Disorders of the Health in general, and of the Digestive Organs in particular, which accompany local Diseases, and obstruct their Cure: Observations on the Diseases of the Urethra, particularly of that Part which is surrounded by the Prostate Gland: and Observations relative to the Treatment of one Species of the Nævi Materne. By John Abernethy, F.R.S. &c. &c.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

THOSE who think that the practice of surgery consists principally in the possession of a certain manual dexterity, or in the application of bandages, lotions, and plaisters, have very confined ideas of the objects, or of the dignity of the profession. Local diseases often proceed from a constitutional cause; and, conversely, constitutional affections produce or modify local diseases. Hence a certain knowledge of medicine is absolutely necessary to the surgeon; and it is to be lamented that, from the strict division of the art of healing into separate branches, which has taken place, many of the most eminent in the operative part of surgery, are wretchedly deficient in common medical knowledge.

But the design of Mr. Abernethy in the essay, which occupies the greater part of this volume, embraces an object of still greater magnitude than that of instructing his own profession in the constitutional treatment of surgical diseases. Though his opinions have been derived principally from the observation of external diseases, the doctrines which he has founded upon them are of much wider extent, and are indeed applicable to the treatment of internal affections, as much as to those which, from their situation, fall directly under the cognizance of the senses.

Local diseases, Mr. Abernethy observes, and constitutional affections, have a reciprocal action on each other; and in particular, it has been often remarked, that the stomach and other organs connected with digestion, have appeared particularly affected from local injuries, arising either from accident or from operations. He introduces his inquiry by the relation of two cases, intended to exemplify and illustrate the nature and course of these symptoms. We shall give the first at length, as from the similarity of the reasoning and illustration, which pervades the whole essay, it will supersede the necessity of much farther quotation.

'A healthy gentleman, about twenty-five years of age, was induced to submit to an operation for the return of an adherent omental hernia, rather in order to remove the inconvenience and apprehension which the disorder occasioned, than from any urgent necessity; for any increased exertion in walking or riding produced the descent of a portion of intestine behind the thickened omentum, and obliged him to stop, and replace it; and he frequently could not accomplish the reduction without considerable difficulty. The application of trusses had been quite ineffectual in obviating these alarming inconveniences.

'The patient's diet, on the day preceding the operation, was scanty, and consisted of fluid substances. He took on the morning of the operation some Epsom salts and manna, which operated twice and seemed to have emptied his bowels. A portion of the omentum was cut off, and the remainder was returned after two vessels had been tied. The operation was followed by general disorder of the constitution, manifested by a full and strong pulse, furred tongue, great anxiety, restlessness, and total want of sleep. The stomach was particularly affected, being distended, uneasy on compression, and rejecting every thing that was swallowed. He was bled largely in the evening and took saline medicines, but could not be prevailed on to swallow any thing else, except some toast and water. The sickness had in some degree abated on the next day. A solution of magnesia vitriolata in mint water was prescribed in small occasional doses, in order to relieve the distension of the stomach and the unpleasant state of the tongue, by procuring some

discharge from the bowels. In the course of the day he took an ounce of the salts, which was not rejected by the stomach, yet he could scarcely be prevailed on to take any thing else. The tongue was still covered by a thick yellow fur; the skin was hot and dry, and the pulse frequent. As there was no particular tenderness about the hypogastric region, he was not again bled. The second night passed without the least sleep. As the salts had produced no effect, the same medicine was ordered in an infusion of senna, with the addition of some of the tincture, which, by being given in very small doses, was retained. As, however, no effect seemed likely to result from this medicine, a grain of calomel was given at night and repeated on the following morning. Still the loathing of food continued. The third night passed as the former ones, without the least sleep, and with great anxiety. On the next morning two pills, containing five grains of the pil. colocynth, and the same quantity of the pil. aloet. cum myrrha, were given every fourth hour. These procured no stool, nor produced any sensation which inclined the patient to believe that they would operate. Again he passed a night without sleep; but towards the morning he felt his bowels apparently filling, to use his own expression, and a profuse discharge ensued. A dozen copious, fœtid, and black evacuations took place, between five and ten o'clock, and he had several others in the course of the day; after this his appetite returned, his tongue became clear, and sound and continued sleep succeeded.'

Thus then, from an external injury, the stomach, the bowels, the liver (as Mr. A. concludes from the black colour of the feculent matter) and all the chylopoietic viscera became affected. He believes that the injury done to the omentum contributed but little to produce the disorder of those organs, rather than of others, not finding that such effects commonly succeed to similar operations. A still stronger proof is derived from the circumstance, that a similar disorder of the functions of the digestive organs is produced by blows on different parts of the belly, which do not seem to have injured the structure of any single abdominal viscus.

The general characteristics of the disordered condition of these organs, are a diminution of appetite and digestion, flatulence, an unnatural colour and fetor of the excretions, which are generally deficient in quantity; the tongue is dry, whitish or furred, particularly at the back part. As the disease advances, a tenderness is felt when the epigastric region is compressed, and the patient breathes more by the ribs and less by the diaphragm, than in the healthy state. The urine is frequently turbid. Such symptoms are habitual in many chronic diseases; and have been observed to be commonly attendant on cancer, lumbar abscesses, and other great local diseases.

'I have known these patients (says Mr. Abernethy) have their digestive organs disordered in the manner that I have described, and that in many of them the secretion had been suppressed for a great length of time; and, when it was renewed, that it was very deficient in quantity and faulty in quality: yet on dissection no alteration was discovered in the structure of the chylopoietic viscera, which could be decidedly pronounced to be the effects of disease. It naturally excites surprize, that such a state of irritation, and perfect performance of the natural functions of these parts should exist for so long a time, as in many cases it is known to do, without producing organic disease. Still I believe it may be set down as an axiom, and which has been verified by every observation which I have made, that a state of irritation naturally leads to those diseased actions, which produce an alteration of structure in the irritated parts.

'However, where the disordered state of the bowels had been of longer duration, I have found the villous coat of the intestines swollen, pulpy, turgid with blood, and apparently inflamed, and sometimes ulcerated; and these appearances have been most manifest in the large intestines. Indeed in advanced stages of this disorder, mucus and jelly tinged with blood are discharged, and it seems probable that a kind of chronic dysentery may be induced.

'In some instances, where the disorder had existed for many years, the bowels have been diseased throughout their substance: the internal coat being ulcerated, and the peritoneal covering inflamed, so that the convolutions of the intestines were agglutinated to each other. Here the liver also was much diseased, being tuberculated in every part.'

Upon a review of all the facts, which an extensive observation of a number of cases have presented to him, the author has thought that they warrant the following conclusions:

'1. Sudden and violent local irritation will produce an equally sudden and vehement affection of the digestive organs.

'2. A slighter degree of continued local irritation will produce a less violent affection.

'3. This affection is a disorder in the actions, and not a disease in the structure of the affected organs; although it may, when long continued, induce evident diseased appearances, both which circumstances are proved by dissections.

'4. A similar disorder of the digestive organs occurs without local irritation, and exists as an idiopathic disease; in which case it is characterized by the same symptoms.

'5. There are some varieties of the symptoms of this disorder, both when it is sympathetic and idiopathic.

'6. This disorder probably consists in an affection of all the digestive organs in general, though, in particular cases, it may be more manifest in some of those organs, than in others.

'7. That disorder of the digestive organs frequently affects the

nervous system; producing irritability and various consequent affections.'

We think that Mr. Abernethy has shewn his judgment in not considering the disorder of the digestive organs as the cause of the diseases, with which he has found it connected; but simply as a concomitant, often requiring more attention than the primary disorder, and by removing which the primary disorder may also be frequently removed, in consequence of sympathy of parts and actions. It is an observation of Hippocrates, that the whole body is a circle by which must be understood, that, in the affections of different organs, it may be impossible to determine which is the principal and original seat of disease, and which suffer only by consent. In the case which we have recited above, Mr. Abernethy has principally regarded the disorder of the digestive organs caused by an excision of a portion of the omentum. But the restlessness and total loss of sleep would equally warrant us to regard this affection as a disorder of the sensorium; the debility, as a disorder of the organs subservient to muscular motion; the strong and full pulse, as a disorder of the sanguiferous system. So absurd then are systems of nosology, assigning to every morbid affection its precise seat and centre, from which if it remove though but the breadth of a hair, it is supposed instantly to change its nature and to merit a new denomination.

In assigning the remote causes of the disorder of the digestive organs Mr. Abernethy is not very consistent, nor very happy in his determination of the proximate. Improprieties of diet, a sedentary life, impure air, anxiety, over exertion either of the mind or the body—such are the causes, to which he attributes these symptoms, when they occur as an idiopathic disease. These are generalities, and the connection they have with their supposed effect is assumed and not proved. He conceives, not we think improbably, that when the digestion is imperfectly performed, matter which is not duly assimilated is taken into the system, and may lay the foundation of disease. This is, in other words, ascribing diseased actions to the blood and fluids; an opinion which, notwithstanding the general prevalence of the doctrines of Cullen, is not, even at this day, without its adherents. 'But,' adds Mr. Abernethy, 'the modern explanation of those phænomena, by means of sympathies, is probably preferable.' But are these different systems really incongruous? To use the language of the schools, may not the state of the blood and other fluids be the *predisponent*, and the sympathies of different organs the *proximate* cause of the phænomena of disease?

Mr. A., we have said, is not very happy in his determination of the proximate cause of the affection which he has depicted. The result of all his observations has induced him to believe that it consists in a weakness and irritability of the affected parts, accompanied by a deficiency or depravity of the fluids secreted by them, and upon the healthy qualities of which the right performance of their functions seems to depend. Here again we have a bias towards the doctrine of humours, against which he has recently declared. Weakness is a term, to which, in medicine, no precise idea seems affixed. It may mean the loss of tone of a muscular part, or an imperfection in the performance of the functions of a part, whatever it may be. Irritability, when it means any thing, signifies, we presume, a greater aptitude than is natural to be affected by impressions. But in numberless cases of disease, in which the symptoms of visceral affection are very obvious, this susceptibility is diminished rather than increased. We may instance mania, in which it is often necessary to administer medicines in doses, which would prove fatal in ordinary cases. Here surely there is not irritability, but inirritability of the digestive organs.

Though disorder of the digestive organs is not, correctly speaking, a cause of any local disease, yet as by medicine we operate directly upon these organs, and as their actions seem to be considerably under our controul, they necessarily attract a great share of attention, when considering the effects of remedies. Mr. Abernethy acknowledges that it is often out of our power to cure the affection, of which he has treated. But still much good may occasionally be effected, and by attention to the state of the bowels, many local diseases may be speedily cured, which otherwise prove very intractable. The remedies on which he places his chief dependence are small doses of mercury, and purgatives so administered to excite intestinal action, without excessive purgation. Mercury so administered, he conceives (in common with many other practitioners) to have a peculiar influence on the hepatic secretion. He has employed several sections in the relation of cases to illustrate the efficacy of this practice. Of these our limits oblige us to content ourselves with taking a very cursory view.

Sect. 1, contains cases of paralytic affections of the lower limbs, which were so strongly marked as to induce the belief that the vertebræ of the back were carious. But by attention to the general health the limbs were restored. Cases of similar local affections of other parts are also noticed. There is likewise a valuable dissection adduced to corroborate the

author's doctrine. A woman had a paralytic weakness of her lower extremities, paroxysms like epilepsy, the bowels commonly costive, but occasionally relaxed, and a dilated pupil. Upon dissecting the body, the brain and all the important viscera were discovered to be sound, as were the vertebræ of the back. The only morbid appearance was an ulcerated state of the villous coat of the ilium, and an appearance of inflammation of the internal coat of the large intestines.

Sect. 2, treats of pains of the head, originating in accident, kept up by a disordered condition of the bowels. We think that two of Mr. A.'s cases prove no more than that a degree of local disease was highly aggravated by a state of fever; and a third, that in a state of hypochondriasis, the attention of the mind and error of judgment was principally fixed upon a part, which had suffered a severe injury.

Sect. 3, considers some diseases of the throat, skin, and bones, which resemble venereal complaints, but as they do not require the use of mercury, are denominated, very properly, we think, pseudo-syphilis. The cases are in themselves valuable, but they do not add much weight to the opinions, in support of which they are adduced.

Sect. 4, presents us with cases of unhealthy indurations, abscesses and sores. This section contains several valuable cases, though they do not seem all to confirm the great efficacy of Mr. Abernethy's mode of treatment; some of them are rather in contradiction to it; or, to speak more correctly, his candour acknowledges that the effects were not adequate to his wishes. He makes an observation on scrofula very worthy of notice:

> 'I have heard it remarked by surgeons of great experience, that patients often recover, when many scrofulous diseases appear at the same time; although some of them may be so considerable, that they would seem to warrant amputation, had they appeared singly.'

He appears to favour the opinion, that the pseudo-syphilitic, and other non-descript diseases; that carbuncle and scrofula, and even cancer are accompanied by a similar disorder of the constitution; but whether this constitutional disorder is to be considered as an effect or a cause, he prudently hesitates to pronounce.

Sect. 5, treats of disorders of parts, which have a continuity of surface with the alimentary canal. Under this head are included affections of the œsophagus, of the throat, nose and mouth, eustachian tube, tunica conjunctiva, and skin. Another set of diseases are also traced from the sto-

mach as a center, viz, those of the intestines and rectum. The large intestines have in the advanced stages of these disorders been found to suffer more than the smaller.

In sect. 6, Mr. A. informs us, that he has often met with cases, where patients have died of apoplexy, hemiplegia, or mere local paralysis, without any derangement discoverable in the structure of the brain. The same fact has been observed in epilepsy. In six cases, one of apoplexy and five of hemiplegia, the liver and bowels exhibited diseased appearances; and during life the first appearances of disorder began in the abdominal viscera, which continued affected to the conclusion of their lives. In a child, who was supposed to die of hydrocephalus, the bowels were found inflamed, but the brain in appearance perfectly healthy; yet there had been so great a diminution of sensation and motion, as to leave no doubt of the existence of hydrocephalus. In pulmonary consumption too, Mr. A. has met with cases in which both the history and dissection tended to prove, that the chylopoietic viscera were the seat of the greatest and most established disease, and that the pulmonary affection was a secondary disorder. These are doubtless important facts, and well deserving the consideration of pathological inquirers.

We have paid thus minute an attention to this essay, because we think the collection of facts it contains is of great value. We are far from coinciding with all the opinions of the writer. Many of his cases prove no more, than that, during paroxysms of fever, the secretion from the bowels is stopped, the appetite destroyed, the digestion impaired, and the tongue furred; facts with which no tyro in medicine is unacquainted. Others show perhaps that parts which were previously diseased, suffer the most during accidental or other indisposition: this fact too is sufficiently well known, and it is vulgarly and proverbially expressed by saying, that the disorder flies to the weakest part. From others again we are unable to draw any conclusion whatever. We could readily exemplify these remarks, but our limits forbid it. Still we think that the author has given an enlightened and a correct view of the intimate relation which subsists between local and constitutional disorders, of the difficulty in determining the seat of diseases from the obvious symptoms, of the connexion of different diseases, and the almost universal combination of visceral derangement with constitutional complaints. On the last subject the opinions here advanced are much confirmed by their coincidence with those contained in the recent publication of Dr. Ha-

milton. on the Effects of Purgative Medicines. We think too that Mr. Abernethy's opinions are entitled to the greater weight for a reason which will induce many, perhaps, to slight them; we mean, because he does not belong strictly to the medical profession. Hence he has been able to form his own opinions by surveying nature with the eyes of an impartial spectator, and with a mind neither tinctured by prejudice, nor enslaved by system. On the whole we are persuaded that he has done a real service to science by the collection of facts which he has here given to the public.

The volume contains two other short essays: the first, on the diseases of the urethra, particularly of that part which is surrounded by the prostate gland: the second, on the treatment of one species of the Nævi materni. For the contents of these we find ourselves obliged to refer to the work itself. They bear the same marks of attentive observation and acute discrimination, that characterise Mr. Abernethy's works in general.

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ART. V.—*The Life of John Milton. By Charles Symmons, D. D. of Jesus College, Oxford.* 8vo. Johnson. 1806.

ART. VI.—*The Prose Works of John Milton; with a Life of the Author, interspersed with Translations and Critical Remarks. By Charles Symmons, D. D. of Jesus College, Oxford. Seven Vols.* 8vo. Johnson. 1806.

AFTER an interval of nearly a century and a half, to enter into a prolix review of Milton's prose-works; to discuss and to controvert many of his political and theological positions upon questions now obsolete, or now decided; and to comment upon the classical inversions and allusions, which encumber the learning of the scholar and the fancy of the poet, would be an unseasonable obtrusion of superfluous criticism. A parallel indeed (constrained too, as it must necessarily be, in several of it's great points) between the politics of his day and those of our own, though it would pass harmlessly over the cenotaph in Westminster-Abbey, might dangerously affect his living editor by awakening the happily-now-dormant virulence of the high-church or state-party: while in a less important respect it might be considered as intended, by the dextrous apposition of imaginary or real resemblances, to bring forward the critic rather than the author; and therefore, from regard to the credit of both, had much better be suppressed. Suffice it in general terms to state, of the volumes before us, that the edition in it's external appearance is worthy of the subject and of the

age; and that it is prefaced by a life from the pen of Dr. Symmons, which even after the varieties of minute inquiry employed upon that subject, is from it's very superior excellence entitled to our highest attention.

In the conclusion of his irregular Ode to Rouse, written in 1646, Milton with the prophetical anticipation of genius announces his future victory over the 'evil tongues and evil days,' or (as he elsewhere expresses himself) 'the barbarous noise' both of the prelatical and presbyterian clergy, by which he was at that time encompassed. *Si quid meremur, sana posteritas sciet,* was his proud appeal to coming generations. The *ultimi nepotes,* he predicted (for he was not sanguine enough to expect that party-malice would soon expire) would exercise a more equitable judgement, and indemnify his memory for the severity, with which he had personally been treated by his contemporaries.

This prediction has been abundantly verified. His immortal poem outran it's author's expectation, at an early period after his death asserted it's superiority over every modern production, and while in some of it's parts it infinitely excelled, in it's whole fully rivalled the first-rate productions of antiquity. It is not for these pages, however, to panegyrize the Paradise Lost: this would indeed be

To guard a title, that was rich before:

but we may reasonably exult to find, that the writer is at last admitted to that justice, which has been long extended to his principal works. The spleen of the hyper-orthodox and the hyper-loyal has sunk, it is to be trusted, into it's eternal grave; and the pencil and the press concur, by splendid illustration and magnificent typography, to heighten—shall we say his fame, or their own? All this is as it should be:

Rege sub Augusto fas est laudare Catonem.

The Salmasiuses and the Mores, of ancient and of modern date, are finally giving way to the Blackburnes, the Hayleys, and the Symmonses. The last in particular, whose composition is now in our hands, uniting the acuteness of the first with the liberality of the second, and in general competency for the undertaking far surpassing both, has successfully

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* We are obliged to make a slight exception with regard to the version of the 'Second Defence,' now first presented to the eye of the English reader, which, probably from it's having been executed in haste, contains several gross errors.

exposed the virulence of the Biographer of the English poets, and the imbecility of the Historian of English poetry: while equally aloof from the pedantry of the one and the malignity of the other, he discovers in Milton (as in the most favoured of his species) something indeed to censure, but infinitely more to approve; an occasional error of judgement or uncouthness of expression, but genuine patriotism of feeling and invariable purity of heart.

In his opening Dr. S. justly observes:

'During the immediate agitation of the political conflict, while interest is directly affected, passion will necessarily be excited; and the weapons of passion are seldom delicately fashioned, or scrupulously employed. When the good of the great therefore are exposed to falsehood by contemporary malignity, and are held up with questioned virtues, and imputed vices to the execration instead of the applause of their species, we acknowledge the cause of the fact in the corruption of man, and it forms the subject of our regret rather than of our surprise. But when after a lapse of years sufficient to obliterate the very deepest trace of temporary interest, we observe the activity of passion stagnating into the sullenness of rancour, and see these heroes of our race subjected to the same injuriousness of malice, which they had suffered from their personal adversaries, we *stare* (*Qr.* start) at the consequence of unexpected depravity, and are astonished in as great a degree as we are afflicted.' P. 2.

After this we are immediately introduced to 'the virtuous and the amiable, the firm and the consistent Milton;' and view with grateful pleasure his 'natural endowments, his accumulations of knowledge, and his *just* and sacred appropriation of talents' vindicated from the insults of posthumous calumny.

The term 'just' in the preceding paragraph to the captious sophistry, which ten or fifteen years ago distinguished and disgraced this island, would have appeared a daring, if not a criminal infringement of propriety. In those unhappy times, when the name of jacobin was branded on the forehead of every one, whose opinion diverged by the smallest imaginable angle of deviation from that of the existing administration, to have undertaken the life of Milton would have been indeed most hazardous: and the melancholy alternative presented to the writer—either that suicide of the mind, industrious and affected tameness, or constructive treason; a drowsy reader, or an awakened attorney-gene-

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* See particularly a note, with reference to the Εικων βασιλικη, and its answer, p. 281.

ral; his sheets at the pastry-cook's, or himself in the tower. Every rising sympathy with his subject must have been sedulously kept down; every nascent and noble invective against the star-chamber and high-commission courts instantaneously stifled; and the rare felicity of those days, which indulged the privilege of thinking and speaking with freedom, remembered only in a smothered sigh; or the proscribed patriot must have endured to be shunned in London, or visited in Botany-bay. There were then political word-hunters, who detected in every thing beyond their own comprehension (what a latitude for alarm!) an 'ambush of mischief;' and notwithstanding the explicit and decisive remarks, pp. 244, 250, &c. and the manly and unequivocal declarations, which occupy the concluding pages of Dr. S.'s preface (and which the date proves to have been printed, before the 'whigs of the school of Sommers and of Locke' had even a remote prospect of their present stations) would have identified the biographer with his hero, in what they deem his most reprehensible character. But surely such timorous toryism, if not issuing, as it usually does, from a 'corrupt heart,' betrays a 'perverted head.' In guilt of a more indisputable nature, historians have recorded the *fædum inceptu, fædum exitu,* without any implied predilection for deeds of moral or political turpitude; and the principle would press with overwhelming severity upon the authors of Lazarillo del Tormes and our own Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the present work, however, no such suspicion can be justified or tolerated. Dr. S. is obviously only the advocate of Milton's public conduct, with reference to the integrity of his intentions, and the circumstances of his times; and in his own political creed he is as completely distinct from the secretary and the panegyrist of Cromwell, as he is from Buonaparte himself. Of this who can entertain a doubt, after reading the following passage?

'To the sagacious and unprejudiced eye, which contemplates the constitution of England, as it was established at the revolution in 1689—to the eye, which can command this admirable system of liberty, in all it's beautiful complexity; which sees it diffusing through the whole subordination of it's community more equal freedom than has ever yet resulted from any other plan of political institution; which observes it extending the control of law to it's highest subject, and the protection of law to it's lowest; which views it every where jealously checking and balancing it's trust of power; which beholds it opening all it's emoluments and honours, with exception to one unattainable dignity, to the exertions of ability and

virtue, and thus uniting the animation of a commonwealth with the tranquillity and the executiveness of a monarchy; which surveys it, in short, as it efficiently combines democratic energy with hereditary power, in it's legislature, and democratic feelings with legal wisdom in it's tribunals; to such an eye a republic, in all it's visionary perfection, can present only relative deformity, and can suggest nothing more than an occasion of envy or of glory in the fortunate inheritance of Englishmen.' P. 518.

The whole context indeed, from p. 517—522, is a lofty and elegant apology for Milton's political character, considered in this point of view.

But *non Jovi datur sapere et amare;* or if the biographer disown so warping a passion, which conciliates Balbinus to Agna's polypus, he must submit to Agesilaus's observation, Ως χαλεπον εστιν ελεειν αμα και φρονειν. In the very outset of this work, while he is discussing the hard treatment supposed to have been experienced by the poet at college during his undergraduateship (particularly that part of it, which is couched under the

Cæteraque, ingenio non subeunda meo.

Eleg. i. 16.)

the narrative undergoes far too long a suspension: too much susceptibility is betrayed upon a subject of comparatively little importance; and the impatient reader, hastening forward to the glories of his hero's advanced life, is detained by an inquiry (brought, perhaps, to a not quite logical conclusion) into the *vapulation* of his youth. We may probably incur a reprehension similar to that, which we are pronouncing; but we venture to think, that the subject will justify an additional paragraph in this place. Notwithstanding the *dudum vetiti laris*, v. 12. and the *exilii conditione fruor*, v. 20, of the same elegy, some critics from the *stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes*, &c. near it's end, have rather precipitately concluded that, as the meditated return, so the previous absence was voluntary; though the former was more likely to be voluntary, where the latter had been compulsory. That Milton indeed was rusticated, at least for a vacation, appears certain: and Dr. S., who quotes the register of Christ's College in his vindication, should have substantiated his point by the adduction of more minute testimony; as his having taken his degree in 1628, unless it were in the early part of that year, after having entered in 1624-5, is obviously inconclusive. A short rustication indeed, which his friends so industriously deprecate, does not necessarily imply any very

heinous offence, especially as we know so little of the existing state of discipline in the particular society to which he belonged; neither would it of course involve his exclusion from subsequent intimacy with 'the fellows of his college.' It must not at the same time be omitted, as a proof that rustication was the utmost of his punishment, that Du Moulin in his '*Clamor Regii Sanguinis*' (a work so admirably replied to in Milton's Second Defence) makes no allusion to what Johnson terms 'corporal correction;' and we may almost positively affirm that, where the object was to rake into his adversary's blemishes, he was both sufficiently industrious to have discovered, and indelicate to have proclaimed init's grossest terms, this imaginary ignominy. At all events, his moral character is left wholly untouched by the inquiry. Johnson himself conjectures, 'from the willingness with which Milton has perpetuated the memory of his exile, that it's cause was such as gave him no shame:' and Dr. S. well remarks, that 'had even the rod been actually inflicted, it must be the offence, and not the chastisement, which can properly be considered as the occasion of dishonour.' When the beautiful Charlotte Corday expiated her loyalty to Louis XVI. with her life, she consoled herself by repeating, with Socratic resignation,

C'est le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échaffaud.

From the imputation indeed of offence (such as, it is to be regretted, is too often visible in our universities) how nobly does he vindicate himself, in his 'Apology for Smectymnuus!' 'These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, either of what I was, or what I might be (which let envy call pride) and, lastly, a becoming modesty, all uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself, that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions'

In p. 36 occurs the following passage:

'In this space of time, his vigorous and ardent genius broke out in frequent flashes, and evidently disclosed the future author of Comus and of Paradise Lost. We have already noticed on the testimony of Aubrey, which may be received as to the fact in question, that Milton was a poet when he was only ten years old; and his translation of the 136th psalm, which we still possess, sufficiently evinces his progress in poetic expression at the early age of fifteen. When we read in this small work of "the golden-tressed sun," of the moon shining among "her spangled sisters of the night," of the Almighty smiting the first born of Egypt with "his thunder clasp-

ing hand,' we are forced to acknowledge the buddings of the rising poet, the first shootings of the infant oak, which in later times was to overshadow the forest.

'At the age to which we have now followed him, or from the commencement of his academic career, his genius rushed rapidly to its maturity: and like the Neptune of his favourite Homer, he may be considered as having made only three majestic strides to the summit, on which he stands and beholds no superior. If we plant his first step at the beautiful little poem "on the Death of a fair Infant," his second may be regarded as fixed on his sublime though unequal ode, 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity,' and his third as reaching to his Comus. These compositions seem to be separated by nearly equal intervals, as well with respect to the time as with reference to the power of their production.'

In a subsequent paragraph, the middle of these pieces is justly represented as containing, from the 19th stanza to the conclusion, 'the most forcible exhibition of the highest poetry;' and demanding our 'wonder for that vigour of conception, which has breathed a soul into the painting, and placed it in warm and *strenuous animation* before our eyes.' This is lofty commendation: but surely what we may call it's artificial excellence, the profound and extensive and judicious learning displayed in it, was entitled, when under the review of a scholar like Dr. S., to more notice than he has vouchsafed to bestow upon it.

But of the many brilliancies of composition, which distinguish this work, the subjoined extract is perhaps one of the most splendid:

'But he (Milton) could only calculate the contingencies, not fasten his sight (if the expression may be allowed to me) on the realities of futurity. If some minister of the divine wrath, commissioned to disclose the vision of our poet's advancing life, had at this instant exhibited to him the Milton of later days, sacrificing his prime of manhood to the sullen and fiery demon of religious and civil discord; exposed to rancorous and savage calumny; making a cheerful surrender of his sight to the cause, as he deemed it, of his country and his species; yet afterwards abandoned and persecuted, with his public objects lost, his private fortune ruined, his society avoided, his name pronounced with execration, his life itself saved only by a kind of miracle from an ignominious and a torturing execution; and his old age, more deeply clouded also by the unkindness of children, finally closing amid danger and alarm, in solitude and darkness—if this scene, I say, in it's full deformity had been exposed to our poet's eye in his happy retreat at Horton, the cup of joy would have fallen from his hand: his fortitude, strong as we know it to have been, would probably have yielded to the shock; and, prostrate

before the Father of Mercies, he would have poured his soul in solicitous supplication for the refuge of an early grave.

'But of the world of destiny, as it was passing, one only spot was discovered to him; and all, that was unknown, was peopled by hope with her own gay and beautiful progeny. While he passed his hours in converse with the mighty dead, or with the wise and virtuous living; while, unmolested by any agitating or painful passion, he penetrated science with his intellect, or traversed fairy regions with his fancy; he enjoyed an interval of happiness on which, amidst the asperities of his later years, he must frequently have looked back with emotions nearly similar to those of the traveller, who wandering over the moors of Lapland and beaten by an arctic storm, reflects on the blue skies, the purple clusters, and the fragrant orange-groves of Campania.' p. 56.

To point out all the instances of sound criticism and fine writing, especially if accompanied by citation, would be a very long, though a very agreeable office: but we must reluctantly attend to the ordinary limits of a critique in a literary journal, and simply refer to the estimate of the relative powers of Milton and Shakspeare, p. 60; the remarks upon 'that richest produce of the mine of fancy,' p. 63, the Comus, which follow them, and the observations on the L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, p. 79; with the εκλογη πραγματων or selection of circumstances, which determine Dr. S. to award the palm (though with some hesitation) to the latter: &c. &c. only adding, that though we most cordially concur in his anticipation of his author's immortality, we will not look forward to the period when, with his lustre increased by the surrounding darkness, he is represented as possibly doomed to shine after the extinction of our national glory—'his own London presenting the spectacle of Thebes, and his Thames rolling a silent and solitary stream through heaps of blended desolation.' p. 81.

Upon the note in p. 102, though admirably expressed, a controversy might be founded, in which Count Algarotti* would range himself on the side opposed to Dr. S. The vagueness of the ideas, occasionally (not, that learned foreigner contends, universally) conveyed by poetry, he refers to the cold abstractions of a high latitude: and claims for the animated compositions of his own countrymen a character of more definite graphic excellence. *La poesia*

* See his letter 'Al Signor Guglielmo Taylor How,' printed in Mason's Memoirs of Gray.

*dei popoli settentrionali pare à me che generalmente parlando consista più di pensieri che d'immagini, si compiaccia delle reflessioni equalmente che dei sentimenti, non sia cosi particolaeggiata e pittoresca come è la nostra.* He then proceeds to conjecture that Rubens and Raffaelle would have widely differed in their portraits of Milton's Eve, and after quoting a *picturesque* description of Envy by Lazzarini, goes on to trace the physical cause of this supposed superiority of the Italian poets in the greater delicacy and irritability of southern fibres. Mason however, jealous of the poetical glory of England, and not satisfied with the mathematical laurel placed on Newton's brow, from many instances even of Milton and still more of Spenser, argues that 'all this comparative criticism of Algarotti's is rather ingenious than true.' But it is not ours to compose such feuds.

Amidst the prodigality of epic poems, which might almost be adopted as the literary (shall we call it?) characteristic of the present age, when Horace's prescribed period of retention has been most unmercifully cut down, and immortality is affected by the labour of 'six weeks!' the following passage from Milton's Reasons of Church-government, with its appendent commentary, should be read again and again:

'Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted; as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of fame, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases,' &c. &c.

We must surely be struck (subjoins his biographer) with that noble and sublime spirit which pervades these sentences, and admire that conscious force with that devout diffidence which they exhibit. It may entertain us also to discover from them the very different sensations, with which Milton and some of our more modern poets seem to have contemplated the arduous labour of constructing an epic poem. But all the parties on this occasion may be right, with reference to their own particular object. After intimating the toils by sea and land, by opposition from earth and heaven, which his hero was to sustain, and finally by the assistance of Jupiter to overcome, the poet closes the aweful recital with this majestic line;

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!
So great the toil to found imperial Rome!

This was spoken of a mighty empire, which was to extend over the world, and to endure for a succession of ages; but an Arab camp may be planted in one day, and it's vestiges may be effaced by the wind of the desert in another. P. 117, &c.

Neither should the curious detail of Milton's foreign tour be passed over without notice, though it's interesting diffusion precludes every minuter species of observation.

But a somewhat ampler attention must be paid to the Damon, that beautiful tribute of the poet to the memory of hisbeloved friend, Charles Deodati, which is so correctly described, p. 127, as an effusion of strong grief lowered into melancholy, and of power to incline without oppressing the fancy of the reader of taste. Preceded by an ingenious inquiry into the nature of English bucolics, and rescued from the dogmatical censure of Johnson,* and the faint and equivocal commendation of Warton, it is here placed upon it's true basis, as a model of classical sorrow. Little did its translator foresee, while with a vigour of expression worthy of his original he was rendering the beautiful *Nos, durum genus*, &c. v. 106—111, that the passage would soon become peculiarly interesting to him by the very heavy loss, which (as it appears from his dedication) was then impending over himself; and that he should so soon have to repeat, in his own poem,

'We, by fate's severer frown oppress'd,
With war and sharp repulsion in the breast,
Can scarcely meet amid the human throng
One kindred soul; or, met, preserve him long.
When fortune, now determined to be kind,
Yields the rich gift, and mind is link'd to mind,
Death mocks the fond possession, bursts the chain,
And plants the bosom with perennial pain!'

We had intended to reserve our commendations of Dr. S.'s versions, which he has himself characterized with great honesty in a note (p. 12,) for the conclusion of our article; but we cannot forbear inserting in this place the happy exhibition of Milton's feelings, immediately subjoined to the above extract:

* Here however we must impeach the biographer of mistake or lapse of memory, in quoting '*affectation*,' where the original gives us '*imitation*' of pastoral life; as part of the argument is engrafted upon the harshness of the word used.

'Heu! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam.
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse 'Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.' 113—123.

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'Alas! what madness tempted me to stray
*Where other suns on* distant regions play?
To tread aërial paths and Alpine snows,
*Scared by stern nature's terrible repose?*
Ah! could the sepulchre of buried Rome
Thus urge my frantic foot to spurn my home,
(Though Rome were now, as once in pomp array'd
She drew the Mantuan from his flock and shade)
Ah! could she lure me from thy faithful side;
Lead me where rocks would part us, floods divide;
Forests and lofty mountains intervene,
*Whole realms extend*, and oceans roar between?
Ah wretch! denied to press thy fainting hand,
Close thy dim eyes, and catch thy last command;
To say, 'My friend, O think of all our love,
And bear it glowing to the realms above.'

As also the brilliant conclusion of the poem:

'Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas; nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco:
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà:
Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades placidusque fave quicunque vocaris;
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cælicolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,

En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores:
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et orgia thyrso.' 198—219.

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'With these is Damon now—my hope is sure—
Yes! with the just, the holy and the pure
My Damon dwells: 'twere impious to surmise,
Virtues like his could rest below the skies.
Then cease our tears! from his superior seat
He sees the showery arch beneath his feet:
And, mix'd with heroes and with gods above,
Quaffs endless draughts of life, and joy, and love.
But thou, *when fix'd on thy empyreal throne,*
When heaven's eternal rights are all thy own;
O still attend us from thy starry sphere,
Still, as we call thee by thy name most dear!
Diodotus above—but yet our Damon here.
As thine was roseate purity, that fled
In youth abstemious from the nuptial bed,
Thy virgin triumph heavenly spousals wait:
Lo! where it leads along it's festal state!
A crown of living lustre binds thy brow;
Thy hand sustains the palm's immortal bough;
While the full song, the dance, the frantic lyre,
And Sion's thyrsus wildly waved conspire
To solemnize the rites, and boundless joys inspire.'

These as well as the other versions, which comprehend a considerable part of Milton's Latin poetry, deserve something more emphatic than mere general praise; but the length of the present article precludes the exercise of much discriminate criticism. The passages marked by italics however, it may be observed, strongly as they reflect the thought of the original, reflect it in a peculiar mode, and with images of their own. In such an extent of quotation indeed they are not many; and (what does not often happen in latitudinarian translation) while they dilate, they improve. It would therefore be an absurd delicacy, to object to them with unrelenting severity.

The character of Laud, with the very emphatic and feeling and manly compliment to the tolerant spirit of the church of England (pp. 173—177) it would have given us true pleasure to extract. The account likewise of Milton's quarrel and reconciliation with his wife; the critique upon his magnificent (but, perhaps, visionary) plan of education, detailed in his Tractate on that subject; the remarks upon his Areo-

pagitica; a treatise, 'where truth is armed by reason and by fancy with weapons, which are effective with their weight and edge, while they dazzle us with their brightness,' p. 213. and the commendation of his irresistible attack on presbyterian inconsistency, are all sketched with the pencil of a master.

We could commend with much and sincere praise the disquisition upon the Italian origin, regular structure, and various character of the Sonnet, p. 222; even if it did not introduce one of a very pathetic kind, preceded by a melancholy effusion of paternal fondness, and in itself with the sad vaticination of poetry, but too prophetic of its incomparable authoress's approaching fate.* Against this, and the extended panegyric upon Mr. Morgann (author of an 'Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff') both of them however modestly depressed into notes, stern criticism might perhaps protest; against the latter, in particular, as violently introduced by a passage, written (she would affirm) *tout exprès*. But they both, as well as the simple dedication prefixed to the volumes, bear too deep marks of feeling, to admit of the cold stoicism of reprehension; and the eye is prevented by it's tears from noticing the excess, either of their length, or their digression.

Why indeed is the writer, upon all occasions, to be so studiously kept out of sight? Upon what fastidious principle is the absence of all literary egotism so rigorously required? Surely what generally pleases in composition, must be generally right. And who is displeased with Milton for his self-references at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books of the Paradice Lost? 'Superfluities, so beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wish, that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself?'

The summary of the argument on the question respecting the writer of the Εικων βασιλικη, pp. 286—292.; the exposition of the paltry disingenuousness of Hume upon the subject, who pretends to 'exhibit the most exact poise with one greatly preponderating scale, the most delicate and tremulous reserve with the most determined preference, the most specious affectation of candour with the most injurious violation and contempt of it!' (p. 293.) And the statement of the internal evidence of the work, in

* Caroline Symmons; of whom a Short Memoir, interspersed with a few of her poetical productions, is annexed to the 'Raising of Jairus' daughter,' a poem by Francis Wrangham, M. A. 1804.

which Milton's opinion is supported by that of his two acute and spirited defenders, Toland and Dr. S., are excellent in their kind.

We are now introduced to the great Salmasian controversy; of which, if it had produced nothing but Milton's 'Second Defence,' the reciprocal scurrility would have been pardonable for it's consequences. *Scelera ipsa nefasque Hâc mercede placent.* This work, justly represented by Dr. S. p. 353, as the most interesting of his prose compositions, is the copious source to all his biographers, (except Johnson, who appears to have made comparatively little use of it) of materials, which could not elsewhere have been obtained. But on the history, or relative merits, of this grand classical digladiation it is too late for us to enter. It's chief interest, indeed, is gone by: and our principal motive for now noticing it is, that we might have an opportunity of tracing with Dr. S., in the royalist polemic, the germs of

'Some of the political writings of the late Mr. Burke. The same dark arsenal of language seems to have supplied the artillery, which in the middle of the seventeenth century was aimed at the government of England, and in the close of the eighteenth at that of France: and many of those doctrines, which disgust us with their naked deformity in the pages of the Leyden professor, have been withdrawn from our detestation under an embroidered and sparkling veil, by the hand of the British politician. Similar thoughts might be suggested by similar subjects; and the same passions, however excited, might naturally rush into the same channel of intemperate expression: or the expatiating mind of Mr. Burke might range even the moors of Salmasius to fatten on their coarse produce; and finding them replenished with bitter springs, might be induced to draw from them to feed the luxuriancy of his invective.' P. 307.

This imputed resemblance is substantiated by the adduction of many curious coincidences from Salmasius's work.

In pp. 404, 405, we have a somewhat more distinct annunciation of the Paradise Lost; and, in spite of our purpose to abstain from multiplying extracts, we cannot forbear citing the passage in which it occurs:

'Some great production in the highest region of fancy had been in his contemplation, from the commencement nearly of his literary life. The idea accompanied him to Italy, where with a more defined object it acquired a more certain shape from the example of Tasso, and the conversation of Tasso's friend, the accomplished marquis of Villa. From this moment it seems to have been immoveably fastened in his mind; and, though for a season oppressed and overwhelmed by the incumbent duties of controversy, it's root was full of life and pregnant with stately vegetation. At the times of which we are speaking (the end of 1655, and the beginning of 1656)

the mighty work, according to Philips, was seriously undertaken and it is curious to reflect on the steadiness of it's growth, under a complication of adverse circumstances; and see it, like a pine on the rocks of Norway, ascending to it's majestic elevation beneath the inclemency of a dreary sky, and assailed in the same moment by the fury of the ocean at it's feet, and the power of the tempest above it's head.'

This is surely, far above the ordinary stile of modern composition? Distinct ideas, lucid arrangement, congruous and vivid metaphor (the latter, however, perhaps, somewhat in excess*) what would our Zoïli have? There is a sturdy likeness in the figures more especially, which abound in this work, almost leading one to think, as in the case of Mr. Burke, that each original had sat to the artist for it's portrait. Dr. S. 'too is a painter;' and may justly be classed among those, who (to borrow language from his great subject) 'monere recta, hortari, incitare, egregie tum facta tum qui fecerint condecorare, et victuris in omne ævum celebrare laudibus possunt.'

Upon the paragraph, however, relative to the external state of religion in America, which

'From Hudson's bay (with the small interruption of Canada) to the Mississippi beholds the religion of Jesus, unconnected with the patronage of government, subsisting in independent yet friendly communities, breathing that universal charity which constitutes it's vital spirit, and offering with it's distinct yet blending tones one grand combination of harmony to the ear of it's heavenly Father;' p. 414.

an advocate for the utility of church-establishments might find much to observe, and to object. Were the statement even borne out by facts, he might fairly refuse his assent to an argument founded upon experience so recent and so limited, and reasonably await the lapse of many additional years to complete his conviction. But he will in this case demand, whether or not the facts themselves be correct? Are the different places of worship in the new world well attended, and well preserved? Do they multiply, with the multiplied population—in proportion, or at all? Is infidelity unknown, or rare among the upper classes; are there no instances, or are there few, of the prevalence of superstition among the lower, in that extensive community? And until these queries can be answered with at least a qualified affirmative, he will suspend his concurrence in the con-

* As we must likewise pronounce of the Anaphora (p. 255.) 'An insurrection which,' &c. This, if we may trust Heinsec in his 'Stili cultioris fundamenta,' (I. ii. 57, note,) is an *poco trappo*.

lusion implied, though probably not intended, by the sentence in question.

In an early part of this article we criminated Dr. S., as having been betrayed by partiality for his hero into too great detail on the subject of his early treatment at Cambridge. But he is not, we find, so much enamoured of him as to be blind to his faults. Speaking of his 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth,' he observes,

'With the strong prepossession of a party-zealot, he deserts the general principles for the attainment of his particular object; and thinks that his own opinions ought to be enforced, in opposition to those of the majority of the nation. Aware also that a frequent change of the governing body might be attended with inconvenience and possible danger, he decides against frequent parliaments, and in favour of a permanent council. Into such inconsistencies was he betrayed by his animosity to monarchy, and his bigotted attachment to whatever carried the name of a republic. With all it's defects however, and raised indisputably on a false foundation, this treatise exhibits many striking truths, and places in them strong attitudes, &c.' P. 418.

In the note (p. 433) a curious paper is extracted from Lord Sommers' collection, on the subject of Cromwell's interment, and the substitution of Charles' corpse in the protectoral coffin; with the view of making 'any sentence, which might in after-times be pronounced upon his (Cromwell's) body, effectually fall on that of the king.' This prospective arrangement, it seems, while it strongly indicated the fears of his friends, fully answered it's end; and under the natural delusion of circumstances the royal martyr, as it subsequently appeared from 'a strong seam about the neck,' was by his vindictive party publicly hung on the gallows.

It will gratify the reader, from pp. 441, 442, to learn that in

'That private scene, in which alone Milton has generally been considered as liable to censure, or rather perhaps not entitled to our affection,'

he was amiable and injured. With reference to his daughters, whom he is often said to have treated with harshness, he is represented, like Lear, as

——— a poor old man,
More sinn'd against than sinning.

The instances indeed of their unkindness to their blind and aged parent, in 'selling his books to the dunghill-women, and advising the maid-servant to cheat him in her market

ings, &c.' as stated by deposition on oath, fully acquit him of the charge of undue severity.

The critique upon the Paradise Lost (p. 466 & seq.) is followed by some excellent remarks on the 'unequal flow of Milton's genius,' p. 476. On this subject, the apparent difference between Milton and Toland may perhaps be reconciled, by supposing the latter (and indeed Milton himself, in his Eleg. v. 5—7, 23. 'In *adventum* veris') to refer to the approach of spring, or the latter part of winter.

The whole is wound up with a summary of Milton's personal, moral, domestic, literary, political, and religious character; upon each division of which much might be said, and much in the way of high commendation. On a work like this, indeed, many canons of biography might be constructed, and illustrated chiefly with affirmative examples: *Inde tibi, quod imitere, capias.* But we have only room, by a more invidious labour, to

——mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge.

Among these, the *egregio respersos corpore nævos*, beside the redundancy of florid diction, and the other defects to which we have already alluded, an excess of the political history of the times may perhaps be classed as one of the chief. Much of this is indeed requisite to the full exhibition of a great political character; but it might have been more closely compressed. There are some figures likewise, perhaps, a little too oriental. 'To make him the centre of an extended circle of admiration,' (p. 36) is purely Persian, and may be found in the Tales of Inatulla of Delhi. The phrases 'splendid results *urged* and separated by some interposing defect,' (p. 62) '*strenuous* animation,' (p. 41;) '*diffusely* laid,' &c. (p. 113) we consider as too latinized; and in page 349, we notice a mis-translation, from a mistake of the nominative for the ablative case of *gloria*.

The appendix contains Dr. S.'s entire translation of Milton's verses 'to his Father,' a version of his third Italian sonnet and of Dr. George's lines for his monument by Mr. Wrangham, (who has likewise contributed several other translations, in different parts of the work) a farther exposure of Warton's critical and literary incompetency,* the detection of a topogra-

* Upon this cumbrous hyper-critic, there are many severe comments in different parts of the volume. See particularly Notes, pp. 58, 80, 108, 234, 282. That this does not proceed from want of candour toward the late Poet-Laureat, may be inferred from the compliments paid to Usher, and Hall (p. 194) and the vindication of Charles against Milton, pp. 278, 279.

phical error with regard to Forest-Hill sanctioned by the illustrious name of Sir William Jones, and the American inscription on President Bradshaw. It's last and most interesting article however is a perspicuous statement of the Lauderian imposture, p. 549. In this the shaft, directed against the principal, is carried with a force that strikes through him his accomplice: 'As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, &c.' But, who would have expected to find the Rambler lurking behind a Scotchman for concealment! Dr. Johnson, 'by all that's wonderful!' And yet, when we consider that writer's general hostility to every thing connected with political freedom, the exultation with which he perused the proof-sheets of Lauder's Essay (as quoted, p. 563, from Sir John Hawkins) his severe censure of our author's smaller poems, of his Latin poetry, of his Lycidas, and of his Samson Agonistes; and above all, the qualification of his high and splendid panegyric on the Paradise Lost, 'by which he would prove it deficient in the first great requisite of poetry, the power of pleasing, and therefore but an indifferent poem;' let the most candid amongst us seriously determine, whether the critic be superior to the suspicion of having wished for an opportunity to blast the laurels of Milton. The subject, indeed, is placed beyond the exercise of doubt by 'the radical and pervading malignity' of his 'biographical libel.'

Let not Dr. Johnson's friends injudiciously attempt to vindicate, what they can never substantially defend. With all his merits and his powers, and few have had greater, he was undoubtedly often splenetic, prejudiced, and overbearing. In the instance of Lauder, it is to be feared, he was more deeply implicated than has hitherto generally been supposed. And it was not long ago in the contemplation of the first scholar in the world,

> Yet foaming with th' archdeacon's critic blood,

to prove him so.

If then, in conclusion, we would characterize the general eloquence of Dr. S.'s work by Homer's μελιτος γλυκιων ῥεεν αὐδη, we may borrow a kindred allusion from Virgil, substituting only for *Anima* it's equivalent, in elucidation of the keenness of his closing remarks;

> Vitamque in vulnere ponit.

ART. VII.—*Lectures on Belles Lettres and Logic. By the late William Barron, F.R.S. Ed. and Professor of Belles Lettres and Logic in the University of St. Andrews. In Two Volumes.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

THE Lectures of Barron appear to be so entirely superseded by those of Blair, that, unless the lover of polite literature is desirous of possessing two miniatures of his mistress, he can have no reason for purchasing both these publications. The ground which the two authors go over is the same; the division of their subject is the same; their instances or examples are frequently the same; their style alone is different. They are both indeed perspicuous; but Blair is often elegant; a virtue which is not to be found in the Lectures of Mr. Barron.

A history of literature seems to be yet a desideratum with the English. The French are supplied with a work of this kind as far as La Harpe proceeded; but he has left the subject in a very unfinished state. One writer indeed can hardly be expected to gather the whole harvest of so wide a field. It should be a national work; for it demands talents of the most various descriptions; taste, skill in arrangement, copious eloquence, and extensive learning.

In perusing the Lectures of Mr. Barron, the particular merit which struck us, was a somewhat closer attention to the developement of the principles of grammar than is to be found in Blair; and the particular defect was the repetition of common-place examples. This last error is especially observable where it ought least to have been remarked; namely, in those parts of his work which treat of the more general poetical figures, metaphor, allegory, personification, &c. &c. Here the examples are so hackneyed that we even meet with 'Virtue and Vice contending for the direction of Hercules,' and 'Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.' We are spared indeed Cowper's translation of the same passage in Homer, and the absurd line which concludes it,

'Rush'd again obstinate down to the plain.'

Mr. Barron's rules for poetry, like all other rules for noble exertions, cramp, and destroy every shadow of genius. Was it by rules that Homer wrote the Iliad? Did the Inferno of Dante arise from the inspiration of criticism? Was Shakespeare the child of art? All the brighter powers of imagination emanate from the soul; nature only is the mother of the glories of poetry. We deny not that the pigmies of literature, the Silii Italici, the Hayleys, and the Boscawens, owe all their

existence to methodical rule and prescribed order. So far, and no farther, are the critical dogmas of Aristotle of any use; the arms that would defend a common mortal, encumber and constrain the efforts of a giant.

How unprofitable is it at this period of society to be discussing the merit of similes in Ossian! Similes which might well have been imagined by 'many men, many women, and many children.' The eternal recurrence of the 'blue mist,' and 'the moon round as the shield of my fathers,' and 'the ghosts of a thousand warriors shrieking on the wind of night,' must surely be disgusting to full-grown readers. And then to hear a partial countryman assume the authenticity of the poems attributed to Ossian, or build that authenticity upon the circumstance of the introduction of no images but such as nature suggests, is what the understanding of the public in the year 1806 must surely revolt at. The single unanswerable question, of 'Where are the manuscripts?' ought long ago to have set this foolish business at rest. The 'Address to the Sun,' and many other splendid patches, whether Ossian's or Macpherson's, redeem it from that contempt which would otherwise attach to such common-place bombast.

We have hitherto rarely agreed in judgment with our author. Let us view him in a more favourable light; that is, in one more agreeable to our own opinions of successful writing. We have said that grammar is his *forte*. The subjoined quotation is worthy of attention:

'A late writer, speaking of the inflections of the ancient languages, compared with the use of auxiliaries and particles among the moderns, expresses himself to the following effect: Our modern languages may, in this respect, be compared to the art of carpentry in its rudest state, when the union of the materials employed by the artisan, could be effected only by the help of these external coarse implements, pins, nails, and cramps. The ancient languages resemble the same art in its most improved state, after the invention of dovetail, joints, grooves, and mortises, when all the principal functions are effected by adapting properly the extremities of the pieces to one another.'

Mr. Barron's remarks upon the old, accustomed divisions of the stile of authors, into nervous, feeble, concise, diffuse, &c. &c., are the very reiteration of repetition. His history of the progress of eloquence is rather more novel; this indeed is the most interesting part of his book, and we shall therefore make some extracts, passing over the eloquence of Greece and Rome, the great masters of each having been so amply celebrated, and confining ourselves to later examples. 'Some specimens of good composition, and even

strokes of eloquence,' says our author, 'appear in the fathers of the Christian church; Lactantius, Minutius Felix, Origen, and Chrysostom.' And is this the manner in which the eloquence of Chrysostom is mentioned? an eloquence of the most vivid nature; copious, impassioned, ornamented, and powerfully commanding? Is Tertullian's energy entirely forgotten by this writer? He allows indeed, that, after the revival of literature, and the invention of printing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the spirit of Greece and Rome appeared again among the learned. Erasmus, Buchanan, Melancthon, Beza, and the two Stephens, displayed an extent of knowledge and a correctness of taste, that would have done honour to a more refined age.

Upon these subjects our author might have dilated to advantage; but he flies onward to the more recent eloquence of the Swiss and the Dutch. We shall here select a passage, which displays his reasoning abilities in a favourable light; nor is the matter by any means trite and common.

'Though several of the governments of modern Europe possess a great share of liberty, yet none of them present any flattering field for eloquence, except that of Great Britain. We may, perhaps, except some of the specimens of oratory in the deliberations of the diets of the Swiss Cantons, or in the meetings of the states general of the United Provinces; but if we reflect a little, we shall find insurmountable obstacles in the manner of constituting these assemblies. No man can become an eminent orator without long study, much practice, and great acquaintance with the world. He must have experience in business, and his mind must be elevated by some great public interest. Scarcely any of these advantages can be acquired by the members of the political bodies I have mentioned. Their territories were divided among small independent states, and the members can seldom be roused by any important national object. They were generally occupied about the policy, or the laws of their own little community, and could not grasp those great conceptions supplied by occasions, which involve the fate of nations, and the happiness of large bodies of mankind. The deputies of the States General of both these confederated bodies, were elected from the members that managed the business of particular republics, while the States General themselves are no better than committees who consulted on subjects of common utility, but had no power to decide or to execute. Their decisions were adopted and authorized by the respective legislatures of the several republics, before they could have the force of laws, and their meetings were neither so frequent nor so lasting as to furnish speakers of eminence. The warlike spirit of the former of these confederacies, and the mercantile spirit of the latter, were, perhaps, unfriendly to the elegant arts, and vilified every influence over the minds of men that was not gained by force or money. Soldiers and merchants have commonly been sparing of their words, and have held the noble profession of speaking in contempt.'

No good speaking, Mr.B. asserts, could be expected in the British parliament before the revolution. The eloquence of a Strafford perhaps may somewhat controvert this assertion. Generally, however, the opinion is warrantable. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. indeed, the progress of civilization and knowledge was so considerable as to furnish eminent orators; but the influence of the crown was so great, or the topics of debate were so few, that no eloquence appeared which excited much attention.

'The succeeding period,' observes Mr. Barron, 'in the reign of Charles I. probably would have generated conspicuous merit in the House of Commons, had not the enemies of the court been animated with a spirit of bigotry hostile to all great efforts of genius, and the measures of the court been conducted with an indiscretion, which no eloquence could defend, and which it seems force alone was qualified to support.'

The writer proceeds through the times of Charles II., which in part displayed the violence of the preceding reign, and in part caught the spirit of that voluptuous season,

> 'When love was all an idle monarch's care,
> Seldom in council, never in a war.'

Even on discussing the settlement of our government at the revolution, instead of haranguing with the dignity of patriots and the eloquence of orators, the members of the British parliaments entered into dry discussions of the meaning of words, frivolous criticisms on the sentiments of their adversary, and exhibited a picture of schools of declamation, rather than of the greatest assemblies in the world canvassing the future government of a free people.

'Since the revolution,' continues Mr. Barron, 'several eminent orators have appeared, but unfortunately, at least for eloquence, no great occasion has occurred.' We must conclude this sentence to have been written previous to the troubles in France. But let us regularly follow the detail of our author:

'The most eloquent speaker, perhaps, that ever appeared in the House of Commons, and who managed the deliberations of that assembly with an ascendancy no other orator ever acquired, I mean the late Lord Chatham, after getting into power by declaiming against continental connections, supported them with vigour, and carried them farther than had been done by any former minister.'

Not to interfere with the political question which this sentence involves, and passing by Sir William Wyndham and Mr. Pulteney (whose extemporaneous speeches, however, Voltaire has pronounced to be equal to the studied

orations of Cicero and Demosthenes), let us venture to add Mr. Barron's account of English eloquence, some opinion of Mr. Pitt and Fox, as our first and most accomplished orators.

The difference of style observable in the speeches of these extraordinary men, was as marked and decided as perhaps ever appeared in the compositions of any two authors. The style of Mr. Pitt was rhetorical and diffuse; that of Mr. Fox, close and argumentative. The former seemed to take a general survey of the subject in his comprehensive mind, and to pour forth a mighty, uninterrupted tide of eloquence over the whole, without any very logical arrangement, or division of his arguments, according to the importance of particular points which he had to establish. Mr. Fox, on the contrary, began with a dry *exposé* of his materials; stated each part of the subject, and specified that which demanded the chief attention. Then giving the reins to his powerful and collected eloquence, in a stile, pure, manly, and perspicuous, he ran through the several departments of the business in debate; with a wonderful variety of illustration, adapted his address alternately to the calculating and the sanguine hearer; assailed the former with all the accuracy of detail, and endeavoured to inflame the latter with all the enthusiasm of passion. Though he was so rapid, he was always clear; no unnecessary amplification, no redundant words, impeded the passage of his arguments to the understanding of the senate. Mr. Pitt's speeches might certainly have been curtailed without injury to the matter which they contained. Superfluity of words was his prevailing defect. Whoever reads his orations in print, will find that a pen may be drawn across many expressions, and the sense remain complete. But this flowing manner had the greatest effect upon the house: this very copiousness persuaded numerous hearers that nothing but the strongest ground could enable an orator to make so overwhelming an attack upon his adversaries; to present so full a front to them in battle.

Mr. Fox drew up his forces in closer array. It was not the gay array of Asia, glittering to the sun in all the pomp of military ornament; but the iron phalanx of Macedon, compact and terrible, with spears pointed on every side. To drop our similes, Mr Pitt had the advantage in the power of recommending measures to parliament; he placed the subject in a more captivating light; he concealed what would have offended by avoiding particularity. Mr. Fox was greatest in reply. His memory here was astonishing, and has enabled him, as many of our readers will recollect,

to answer a speech that has lasted for three hours, so methodically, that there was not a single argument which he did not endeavour to confute *seriatim*, and exactly in the order in which his opponent brought it forward. But we must take our leave of these illustrious rivals; with a wish that some historian or poet may arise worthy to apostrophize them—

> Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo!

The second volume of this work contains Mr. B.'s opinions upon epistolary, philosophical, and historical writing; upon the merits of ancient and modern authors; upon pastorals, upon lyric, didactic, descriptive, epic, and dramatic poetry. His examples are taken from the most noted authors in each kind of composition, and are so perfectly the counterpart of Blair's examples and sentiments upon the same heads, that we shall be excused for omitting useless selections. In his logical information Mr. Barron is more original; after extracting therefore his opinion of the merits of a syllogism as a mode of reasoning, we shall return to his criticisms upon those epic poems, which are less commonly read, and with these shall conclude our article.

After going through every species of syllogistic reasoning, and detailing the comparative merits and defects of each species, Mr. Barron sums up as follows:

'What then, is the mystery of this mighty syllogistic art, which has so long engaged the attention of learned men, and is still accounted by many of that description to contain something meritorious, or to be an analysis of the art of reasoning? It is no more than this, "Whatever agrees with any genus, will agree with every species of that genus; or whatever disagrees with any genus, will disagree with every species of that genus." If this be the principle of the art, can we wonder at the self-evidence of all the conclusions of all its syllogisms, or that it never gratified science or business with the discovery of any useful truth?'

One other extract will explain our author's appreciation of the value of a syllogism more satisfactorily.

'But, while I reprobate the syllogistic method, for being nugatory and insignificant as an instrument of reasoning, I admit its high merit as an engine of wrangling and controversy. It was the happiest contrivance that could have been devised for conducting those public disputations and comparative trials, which for ages prevailed in Europe, and in which the discovery of truth was no part of the ambition of the combatants. The most ready and acute framer of syllogisms was sure to retire triumphant. The grand contest was not whether the syllogism contained any useful truth. The object of one party was to maintain its legitimacy; of the other, to contro-

vert or deny one of its propositions. Wrangling thus became a science; and the mind of a man, apparently enthusiastic in the discovery of truth and knowledge, never wandered farther from their paths.'

To advert to lighter subjects, we shall pass by Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, in the same silence that we bury Mr. Barron's hackneyed thoughts upon Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Sallust, and other ancient authors, and allow him only to speak upon the Henriade of Voltaire, the Lusiad of Camoens, the Leonidas of Glover, and the Epigoniad of Wilkie.

'The Henriade is by no means destitute of epic excellence. It is a singular effort of the extensive genius of its author, who possessed the uncommon capacity of excelling in every department of letters to which he inclined to apply. The civil war of France under Henry the fourth was an unfortunate subject, as it was too recent, however splendid and important, to admit those liberties with the dates and transactions of history, which are necessary to constitute an interesting epic fable. The author accordingly has been obliged to commit violations of truth, so stubborn as to destroy almost the credibility of every incident he had to advance. He has also been unlucky in his machinery, which consists entirely of allegorical personages, such as Discord, War, Fanaticism, State-policy, and Love.'

Mr. Barron's reasons for this condemnation of Voltaire's machinery we think insufficient. They are the following:

'These beings might be congenial to the events, and they were perhaps the only ones expedient to be introduced.'

This confession is enough; but Mr. Barron proceeds: he gives his reasons for the expediency which he condemns.

'These allegorical personages are introduced by Voltaire, because his countrymen would not have relished the machinery founded upon their religious creed; but they are improper to be employed in any transaction where the poet intends not to compose a fairy tale, but to hold forth a consistent story which he expects his reader to believe.'

This is hyper-critical; we do not quarrel with Sin and Death in Milton, nor with the Spirit from Hell in the Pharsalia, although truth is the basis of that poem as well as of Paradise Lost. Mr. Barron, however, allows the merit of the Henriade:

'Voltaire, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, makes a respectable figure, as an epic poet. His descriptions are bold and lively. His sentiments are always spirited, and sometimes sublime. His versification has all the merit the French language and rhyme can bestow.'

We cannot afford room for Mr. Barron's further opinions of epic poetry. We must be contented to wrap up his sense in more concise language. The Lusiad of Camoens was almost unknown in this country till it was translated by Mickle from the Portuguese. The subject which the poet has chosen, is the naval expedition of his countrymen in the beginning of the sixteenth century, to discover a passage to the Indian seas. The author displays no small poetical merit. Like Tasso, he extracts the machinery from the vulgar creed of the times; necromancers, hobgoblins, and ghosts, are the supernatural agents to whom he has recourse, when his human actors are found insufficient to accomplish his purposes. His characters are well delineated; his descriptions are lively and picturesque; his sentiments are noble and heroic. To this character of the Lusiad, which we have epitomized from our author, we must add, that it is upon the whole extremely tedious. Like the Madoc of Southey, it can occasionally boast of brilliant passages; but no reader, we think, could patiently complete the perusal.

The Leonidas of Glover exhibits the most noble and desperate enterprize ever atchieved by determined heroism, namely, the glorious resistance of *four* hundred Spartans (says our author—but the number was *three* hundred) under Leonidas, at the straits of Thermopylæ, against the immense force of Persia. There are some deviations from history in this poem, but none that are violent. It is, upon the whole, the worthy record of an illustrious action; and peculiar interest is added to it by ample delineations of the manners and sentiments of the luxurious and superstitious Asiatics. It is farther enriched by occasional views of the Egyptian philosophy, and with accounts of curious productions of art and nature. 'The versification, though inferior to the best of Milton'—here we must leave Mr. Barron; when he compares Glover to Milton, even in the structure of his verse, we can have no more to say to him.

The Epigoniad of Wilkie does not admit of much interest from the very circumstance of its narrative, namely, the history of the siege of Thebes. The same manners, sentiments, and illustrations, which are common in Homer, recur to the reader, and he seems to peruse an imitation, if not a copy of the Iliad. The poetical embellishments are animated; and the versification is simple, forcible, and melodious. The episode of the death of Hercules is highly finished; it is perhaps the capital beauty of the work, and is introduced with abundance of propriety.

Such are the sentiments of our author upon the above-mentioned epic poems. His opinion of the last is certainly

too favourable. The Epigoniad is little known, seldom heard of, and seldomer read. We suspect that its attention to the unities won the heart of the classical lecturer.

Mr. B. has omitted the Shipwreck of Falconer, certainly a most beautiful poem, and, if not strictly epic, partaking of the better nature of that composition. The art with which nautical terms are introduced into Falconer's melodious verse, is surprising, but the episode of Anna and Palemon, in the story related by the latter, is deeply interesting to every nobler feeling of the soul, and the powers of poetry hardly ever clothed in more impressive language the rapture of attachment.

'The poems of Ossian (says Mr. B.) are a curious literary phænomenon;'—hold, gentle Caledonian! The imposition of Vortigern and Rowena has appeared since you composed your Lectures, and such tricks are no longer curious. Nay, that ingenious youth, that youth of exceeding promise (whose benefit was fixed by the particular desire of several persons of distinction), Master Shakespeare Ireland, was a bashful impostor compared with Master James Macpherson. The former did deem it necessary to forge some ancient manuscripts, and to deceive the great antiquarians, Dr. A. Dr. B. and Dr. C., with the hand-writing of William Shakespeare. But Macpherson never gave a fac-simile of Ossian's penmanship. Like Chatterton, he never produced his Rowley;

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Our general opinion of Mr. Barron's merits will be given, by repeating the observation with which we set out, that his work is superseded by that of Blair, excepting only in those parts which treat more fully of grammar, logic, and the history of eloquence, to which we have referred our readers. What he has advanced new upon these subjects would have made a good supplement to the volumes of the former lecturer; but his book, as it is now edited, only confirms the justness of the title by which we have frequently designated the present age, and which may be called, even more properly than the era of vice, or of frivolity,—the era of re-publication.

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ART. VIII.—*Recollections of Paris in the Years* 1802,-3-4-5. *By J. Pinkerton. In two Volumes.* 8vo. Longman. 1806.

MR. Pinkerton has already had the good or bad fortune to attract his own share of public attention, and has been long

known as an antiquarian, a medallist, a geographer, and the most inveterate foe whom these modern days have produced, to that remnant of the Celtic nations, that yet inhabit part of the western edge of this island and a considerable portion of Ireland. Notwithstanding his prejudices, however, this gentleman has had no scruple to trust the safety of his person to the guardianship of the French, who are at least as Celtic as the greater part of our own countrymen, and form the most numerous portion of the descendants of the ancient Gael. Not only has he thus confided in their generosity, but with unexampled candour has returned divested of his ancient inveteracy, and full to the very brim of French manners and French cookery. This new stock of ideas was too valuable to be buried in oblivion, or to serve only to embellish the petty details of a dinner-table; and our author, nothing loth, has suffered himself to be persuaded by the advice of his friends to share his feelings with the public. Here, however, he professes to reveal no secrets of families, to attempt no violation of domestic secrecy, but in soberness and sadness to contemplate the character of a people, who have hardly yet reposed from the storms of a sanguinary revolution. Let us consider how far this has been effected.

We do not learn in these volumes in what manner Mr. Pinkerton found his way to France, but we guess that he was one of the many unfortunates, whom the arbitrary violence of the new emperor converted from guests into prisoners, to gratify an impotent rage, unable to vent itself upon more serious objects. Our author assures us, however, with some complacency, that his treatment was more favourable than that of many others; an advantage which he owed to his literary reputation. The kindness does not appear to have been lavished upon an ungrateful object, and throughout this work we hear more of the good qualities of our neighbours than it is usual to meet with in English writers. It appears to have been the intention to avoid as much as possible the hackneyed topics of former travellers, and to present a view, if not complete, at least peculiar; and we think it would be unfair to deny that Mr. Pinkerton has produced a very amusing work, in which also some useful information is contained. But it is equally true that many symptoms of bad taste are every where apparent, that we find long and irrelevant digressions, an idle parade of learning, and an unreasonable admiration of the French, to use no harsher terms. There is little grouping in this sketch. The figures are occasionally well shewn, they sometimes singly shew sufficient expression, but they do not harmonize; they have little connexion with each other, and re-

semble rather a series of detached pencillings stuck on one piece of canvass, than the finished picture of a master.

One consequence of this patching system, is to prevent the possibility of our giving any general view of the contents of these volumes. We can only offer a few remarks on particular passages, which differ from the rest in novelty, excellence, or defects. We are first of all presented with some general ideas on the subject of Paris, which might have been collected without any great difficulty on this side of the straits. In the second chapter, which treats of the environs of the French metropolis, a few observations more peculiar to the author are to be found. He meets a Frenchman, to whom he descants with enthusiasm on the beauties of the Seine; the Frenchman coldly replies that he sees nothing in it, except that it is brown in winter and green in summer. Mr. Pinkerton notes down that 'the French in general do not seem to be much impressed with the beauties of nature.' Is it in the heart of a crowded capital that we are to expect that enthusiastic admiration of the forms of nature, which often approaches in lively minds to a minor degree of insanity; or at least resembles madness in its vehemence, as it does superstition in its intolerance? But if our author's taste exceeds that of the French in appreciating the beauties of nature, he is resolved that he will not fall behind, where the elegancies of art demand his praise.

On a visit to the porcelain manufacture at Seyres, he is overwhelmed with delight, and concludes a paragraph of admiration with the following observations:

'Even in trifling objects there are a taste and fancy characteristic of the French gaiety and amiability. For example, from a bed of light blue rises a charming girl of the porcelain called white biscuit, who is withdrawing her shift from her bosom, and looking down with great avidity, as if in search of a little frisking animal, that haunts the fair; while from the bottom of the bed peeps out a little malicious cupid, the real author of the sting. The grey headed guide observed with a smile, "See, sir, she believes it is a flea, and it is Love".'

We presume it requires a six months' residence in France to feel a just admiration of the delicacy of flea-catching. But people, when they are resolved to admire every thing, must sometimes give better proof of their good will than their good taste.

In the third chapter Mr. Pinkerton endeavours to communicate to the reader the delight which he has received from French manners and society, and he launches forth into praises, which betray some warmth of feelings towards the Parisian dames, who, he observes, are perpetually and intensely

conscious of their sex.' Their qualities indeed seem to exceed those of our countrywomen in every character, but those of wife, mother, daughter, or sister. We can readily conceive a man to prefer a French woman as a mistress or a friend, but to persuade us to believe in their superiority in any of the more sacred and important duties of life, would require something more than plain reasoning, and could hardly be atchieved even by the influence of French wines, which Mr. Pinkerton assures us are so efficacious 'in exciting the amorous passions.' We have here a singular proof exhibited of the chastity of the French matrons, which we present to our readers.

'Let it not, however, be supposed, as not unfrequently happens to the unexperienced traveller, that the French fair grant their favours without previous selection, difficulty, and devotion. Innumerable are the young and beautiful females who preserve the sanctity of the marriage-bed, and amidst a charming freedom of manners, and even a great friendship for another man, are models of maternal tenderness, and conjugal fidelity. "No, my good sir, it would infallibly be the death of my husband, the father of my children, and I should never survive the consciousness of having caused such a disaster," was the answer of an enchanting Parisian lady, after long solicitation, to a youthful admirer.'

What are we to think of this? Must we consent to admit feelings of prudence in place of those of honour? There is, in the estimation of this *enchantress*, no turpitude in adultery; she resists the solicitations of her lover, not from the want of a wish to yield to them, but from fear of the consequences This lady is just as chaste as is the villain honest, whom fear of the halter deters from stealing when he is likely to be detected.

A chapter on neology, or the introduction, of new words into the French language, contains some amusing matter, and the same praise may be extended to that which treats of the state of literature in Paris. With natural yet just feelings, Mr. Pinkerton applauds the employment of literary men to discharge the duties of many of the first offices under government, to which, as he observes, 'talents and knowledge are certainly better adapted than impudence and ignorance.' It would be well for many countries if their governors understood this truth, and added practice to conviction, that without knowledge and talents no individual should be trusted with any important function, while a combination of strong powers and adequate cultivation, fits men for every arduous situation, and admits of being transferred to every human pursuit. Great part of mankind is yet beset with those prejudices of the darker ages, which considered an ap-

prenticeship as indispensable in every occupation of life; and were ignorant of the unquestionable fact, that a man who shews mental talents in one thing will show them in all others, to which he may be induced to direct his exertions. It appears however, from the account of this traveller, that if the literary men have the advantage of living under a government which calls them to participate in the honours of the state, they receive in other respects a very inferior reward for the produce of their understandings. Works of literature are purchased for inadequate prices, and the whole tribe of booksellers, with few exceptions, are stigmatised as open rogues.

Not far from the beginning of the first of these volumes, our author, indignant at the perversions of reason which have occasioned so much mischief in France in these latter years, is unable to resist the opportunity of attacking the principles inculcated by Rousseau. That eccentric and mistaken, but eloquent and ingenious writer is, accordingly, lugged in by the shoulders to suffer martyrdom in these Recollections of Paris; and his doctrines are considered and confuted in five entire chapters, which are introduced at various intervals without any relation to the rest of the work, and appear to have been interjected by some convulsion of book-making between the regular strata of chapters, which are obviously of a secondary kind and consist of the *debris* of former books. We do not pretend to assign the cause of this phænomenon any more than Mr. Pinkerton has pretended to explain the mineralogical appearances in the vicinity of Paris.

Some account is given of the palace of Luxembourg, in the gardens of which a tree of celebrated size planted by the hand of Mary de Medicis formerly grew, and gave occasion to the following occurrence:

'I believe this was the genuine tree of Cracovia, so called by a pun, not from the Polish town, but from the old word *craquer*, which signifies to gossip, as we say to crack jokes. For here the politicians used to assemble, and sit like so many destinies, spinning the thread of nations on wheels of rotten wood. Among others an abbé, during the reign of Louis XV., rendered himself remarkable by a daily boast that he would conquer England with twenty thousand men. A hoary patriot, impressed with the energy of this discourse, thought of the prating abbé on his death bed, and introduced the following item into his will, "I leave to an abbé, whose name I never knew, but well known in the gardens of the Luxembourg by the name of *abbé twenty thousand men*, the sum of twenty thousand francs." The abbé was so well known by this designation, that, attended by some witnesses from the garden, who affirmed that he was the genuine *abbé twenty thousand men*, he received the money, being probably the only person who had ever derived any advantage from chattering nonsense under the tree of Cracovia.'

In the 14th chapter an interesting account is furnished of the excavations which run beneath a great part of Paris, and by the decay of their roofs and pillars, sometimes occasion the most serious accidents. A little farther on Buonaparte comes upon the stage, and is introduced while the author discusses the subject of the exhibition of pictures, of which many, as might of course be expected, regard the person and actions of the French chief. One of these represented Buonaparte in Egypt, visiting an hospital where many of the soldiers were ill of the plague, and endeavouring by touching their sores to dispel that contagious terror which threatened to overwhelm the courage of his troops. The rest of the story we give in Mr. Pinkerton's words:

'Such was the account given in France, and received without doubt or hesitation, at the time when it was reported here that Bonaparte had ordered the sick at Jaffa to be poisoned, in order to avoid the incumbrance. It was also said that Desgenets, a physician, who appears in this picture with Bonaparte, (and the strict resemblance was acknowledged by all Paris), was the very person who had reported that the general of the East had been guilty of this cruelty. It seems, however, little probable that in such a case the subject should have been permitted to be thus exposed to public observation and inquiry: and this respectable physician has certainly not been rewarded for his silence, having no office or emolument that can bespeak the consciousness of such an action. I have also conversed with many literary men who went with the army of the East, and who spoke with great freedom and dislike of the Syrian campaign, as an enterprise equally rash and useless, but never heard any charge upon this account. It may be said that the honour of the French name induced them to this silence; but no Frenchman forgets that Bonaparte is an Italian and a Corsican. The reader will, however, judge for himself; but those who have the best hearts will be the last to be persuaded of the truth of the accusation.'

The mineralogy of the neighbourhood of Paris, is considered by Mr. Pinkerton as extremely interesting, though the whole country is composed of those materials called secondary, and affords no illustration of the truth or falsehood of the hypotheses which now divide the public opinion, on the subject of the formation of the earth into its present form. Vegetable and animal exuviæ appear, however, to the bulk of observers as the greatest curiosities afforded by the mineral kingdom; and a remarkable instance of an immense collection of shells found at Grignon, near Versailles, is mentioned in this part of the work. Nearly 200 varieties in the most perfect state of preservation, may be gathered with a moderate degree of trouble. The absurd idea of Voltaire is noticed, who would not allow the existence of mineral

shells, but accounted for their appearance by asserting that those so called, had been really thrown away by pilgrims on their return from the Holy Land.

A chapter is devoted to the consideration of the state of medicine in France, which Mr. Pinkerton imagines would speedily equal that in England if the emoluments were as great. Our author expresses very sensibly the comfort of having a physician's visit at the moderate expence of five shillings, precludes the necessity of employing ignorant apothecaries, so often the authors of irremediable mischief to their patients.

'In France,' says Mr. Pinkerton, 'an apothecary never prescribes, though he be sometimes consulted in his shop by the common people on slight maladies. In some cases there are still superstitious practices: for a carpenter in a paralytic complaint, was regularly attended by the public executioner, who pretended to cure him by the use of human fat, of which he was the sole vendor and administrator. As I employed that carpenter the fact may be regarded as certain, however singular it may appear in the nineteenth century.'

Mr. Pinkerton, however, seems a little of a quack himself, and recommends with much confidence paste of marshmallows for a cough, gum arabic for pulmonary complaints, and calf's-foot without sauce instead of Peruvian bark. The frequency of some disorders in France amongst the young men is strangely considered as one of the causes of the atrocities which have astonished Europe, and the case of Marat is cited, who could not have lived more than three days when he fell a victim to the poniard of Charlotte Corday.

In a literary ollapodidra, such as is now presented to the reader, where little connection subsists between the parts excepting that of contiguity, many passages of considerable interest must necessarily be omitted in our survey. Though the whole work contains much amusing matter, it is only a few of the most remarkable subjects which we can here afford time to allude to. Mr. Pinkerton does not appear to have forgotten his native hills in his travels to other lands, and at favourable opportunities he slily thrusts in little observations tending to their honour or praise. In one place we learn that our national anthem of 'God save the King,' is nothing but an old Scotch psalm tune to be still found in a collection of church music printed at Aberdeen in the year 1682. And elsewhere he observes with a *mortal* exultation that the Edinburgh hearses are more elegant than those either of London or Paris.

Further on in the second volume, the reader will find a long discussion upon the commercial treaty with France, in forming which, according to our author, the English go-

vernment acted upon principles of extreme illiberality and impolicy. But it is straining matters very far when it is asserted that the disappointment of the French nation at the consequences of that treaty, and the penury which it caused, 'were among the causes of that terrible revolution which hurled France against the very foundations of England.' Many attempts are made in this part of the work to prove that France is only fitted to be an agricultural nation, and can never rival this country in manufactures or commerce: a proposition certainly of a very questionable kind. But Mr. Pinkerton, full of that morbid and impracticable philanthropy which declaims against war, and expects to see men live in a state in which they never did and never can exist, that of constant peace, reprobates the eternal enmity of the English and French nations, which, however, seems in the way rather of increasing than of diminishing. One prominent feature of the volumes before us consists in Mr. Pinkerton's excessive hatred of the beverages of this country, the beers, the spirits, and the Portuguese wines, invectives against which frequently recur, while he displays a preference not always reasonable for the productions of the vintage of our neighbours. Their cookery has also had the merit of tickling our author's palate, and we are gravely informed that it is dangerous to drink red wine after oysters, though white wines are useful. Many French dishes are mentioned with approbation, and tomatas or love-apples from Italy are quoted as a new species of viand, though Mr. Pinkerton may see them in any green-grocer's shop where he chooses to inquire for them.

At last all considerable topics appear to have been exhausted, and our author is reduced to the necessity of gathering old and new jokes from various sources, to eke out a few chapters of 'Small Talk,' and 'Fragments,' of which the merit in general is very dubious. A few of the best we quote for our readers' satisfaction, and then conclude our account of this mixture of every thing.

'It is said that some Parisian citizens suppose that the best wine is made at the Gobelins; and that butchers have manufactories of mutton. These are sarcasms; but I followed one day at Mont Martre, an old citizen and his wife, who were discussing whether barley and wheat grew on the same stalk. A bustard was one day hung up at a shop in the Palais Royal, when two Parisians stood to admire the novelty; "Is that a large turkey?" said the one: "You fool," answered the other, "do not you see it is an ostrich."'

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"The church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, near the Louvre, deserves little notice except that its bell was the signal of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The church of the Magdalen, which received the remains of Louis XVI, remains unfinished, though in a noble

situation, and may probably, if the present system continue, be dedicated to some other purpose.'

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'A little boy, in the middle of a great repast, having no longer any appetite, began to cry; being asked the cause, "O," says he, "I can eat no more." "But put some in your pockets." "Alas, they are full," replied the child.—A little girl hearing a conversation, whether gluttony or liquorishness gave the most pleasure, said, "I prefer being liquorish because it does not take away the appetite." Children and even women will pocket sweatmeats from the table, while in other countries such a practice would savour of very bad breeding.'

That Mr. Pinkerton has not forgotten altogether his hatred of the Celts, we may infer from the following extract:

'Travellers who have embarked at Morlaix have assured me that the people of Bretagne are the most squalid and miserable of any in France, and at least two centuries behind the rest of the nation. Their particular customs and language serve as barriers against the advancement of civilization, yet they talked of a society to preserve these precious remains of antiquity, or in other words to obstruct the industry and happiness of the people! Dirt, vermin, and the itch, are usual concomitants of a genuine Breton; and they also resemble savages in their cruel and revengeful dispositions. Many of the murders are "too horrible for the ear;" and one of the most *merciful* malefactors, lately executed, had flayed his wife alive.'

An instance is given at page 336 of the ignorance of country surgeons in France, which seems almost to equal that of the same body in England.

'On the 23d October 1763, the celebrated abbé Prevost, author of some popular novels, which are however a little tedious, if we except the history of the chevalier Grieux and his mistress, and of the General History of Voyages, chiefly translated from the English, was struck with an attack of apoplexy, while walking in the forest of Chantilly. He was carried to the curacy of the nearest village, where the rash and ignorant surgeon instantly proceeded to open the body. On plunging his knife into the belly, the supposed dead man uttered a piercing cry, to the horror of the assistants who perceived too late that he was alive. Notwithstanding every care the wound was mortal.'

Mr. Pinkerton at last departs from Paris, and travelling through the Low Countries, embarks at Maas Sluys for England, and thus concludes his Recollections, as we shall speedily do our observations. In this work many sensible remarks occur, and some which are not very sensible. A number of anecdotes are collected together, which have in general the merit of

amusing, though sometimes they are singularly vapid and misplaced. The reader will often reap instruction from the perusal, though now and then that may be extremely difficult to do. On the whole it is rather an agreeable *melange*, and excels most of its recent competitors, yet has little pretensions to be regarded as a standard work, which we should quote as an example of very classical taste or very profound judgment.

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ART. IX.—*Letters addressed to the Daughter of a Nobleman, on the Formation of Religious and Moral Principle. By Elizabeth Hamilton, Author of Letters on the Elementary Principles of Education, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. small* 8vo. Cadell *and* Davies. 1806.

THE end of education being to secure the happiness of those who are subject to its discipline, Miss Hamilton has taken considerable pains to exhibit to her pupil its tendency to produce this effect; and to shew the connection between the restraints which enlightened experience lays upon youth, and the success and respectability of future life, as well as the happiness both of time and eternity. These restraints are all imposed under the idea of sacrificing a lesser good to obtain a greater, and the progress of the work is directed to demonstrate to the comprehension of a child, that the passing enjoyments and apparent advantages which discipline abridges or withholds, are in reality replaced with exuberant interest by those which it holds in reversion. The ultimate object of these restraints can indeed be attained only in such degree as the pupil is convinced of this truth, because it is only in consequence of such a conviction, that the care of parents and instructors will receive the necessary and vigorous support of internal self-controul: it is such a conviction alone, which can mature instruction and precept into habitual and durable principles of action.

'The difference between a good education and a bad one, in my opinion is, that in the course of the former the young mind is *assisted* in transforming the precepts of religion and virtue into those habits of thinking and acting, which are termed ruling principles; and that in the latter, no such assistance is afforded.

'This will explain to you why I took so much pains to induce you to bring every opinion and action to a certain test—a test to which you had in all cases previously yielded a full assent. It will explain to you, why I never thought, in any thing relative to moral conduct, mere *restriction* to be sufficient, but endeavoured to prompt even the youngest of you, to acquire a habit of *self-control* from a sense of interest and of duty.'

As the reproduction of precept in the form of practical principle depends on the force and frequency with which precept occurs to the mind, it is to aid that recurrence that Miss Hamilton addresses her pupil. The importance of the subject of her address, she endeavours to impress in the most forcible manner, by exhibiting the influence which each respective period of life exerts upon that which follows it, in proportion as the former has been well or ill employed: and by shewing that the loss sustained by the waste of time in early life, is not to be estimated by the consequent ignorance of what might have been directly and ostensibly learned, but by the modes of thinking and habits of conduct which would have been acquired by the more indirect process of education. These form the only adequate preparation for the scenes of future and more active life. The improvement of time having been thus proposed as an advantage, it is inculcated as a principle of action by coupling it with a sense of accountableness to God. This idea of accountableness is first obtained from the government and controul of parents, and is afterwards referred to its proper object, the Divinity, when we become capable of religious instruction. To obviate the unproductive result of a mere general notion of this responsibility, the practice is recommended of applying the scriptural test of duty to all actions that are not morally indifferent. The acquirement of moral habits is here, and repeatedly in the course of the work, represented with salutary plainness, as to be accomplished only by the personal exertions of the individuals concerned, and not depending in the slightest degree upon excellence of instruction. To a pupil of noble birth the caution which follows is addressed with obvious propriety; not to form an estimate of her practical attainments in duty by a comparison of her conduct with the habits of the world at large; an error of judgment to which the higher classes are peculiarly liable. This propensity is encreased by flattery and obsequiousness, and even by the common forms of civility, and is effectually eradicated only by continual contemplation of responsibility to an impartial and infallible tribunal. In connection with the idea of accountableness, the fourth letter is directed to the consideration of the omnipresence of God. We shall insert a remark which seems applicable to the following passage:

'I wish it were no less difficult to understand by a firm belief in the being and attributes of God is attended with [illegible] effects, it too frequently appears to be. You will, I am pronounced, anticipate my explanation of the cause, by reflecting on what I have already urged upon the difference between knowledge and active principle:

"By those who have cast off the fear of God, and done wickedly, every recollection of the divine presence must be made in anguish of soul."

This is an explanation sufficiently adapted to the capacity of a child. It shews that doing wickedly makes one afraid of entertaining the sense of that presence, of which we cannot disbelieve the existence, and which none but wicked men wish to disbelieve. But after all, we have no account given of the original cause of casting off the fear of God in the first instance. It is stated that the reason why men acknowledge the existence and attributes of God, and live as if they did not believe them, is that they have done wickedly. But this is explaining the existence of one fact by alleging another, for which it is equally difficult to account. The fear of God having been despised in one instance, we know it is possible to disregard it again, and experience shews that in every successive instance less effort is necessary to slight its influence. In every stage of progress a fatal facility of proceeding is derived from the advances already made. But the cause of the first step is not given: the power or propension to proceed, as arising from the will, remains unexplained. Its increase only is accounted for. We are presented with the fact of man committing sin unrestrained by his belief in the divine presence, and the subsequent increase of that disregard after it is once begun. This scene is very natural, as the descent of a body down the latter part of an inclined plane is accelerated by the velocity acquired in passing over the higher part of it. Yet we should not say that this velocity is the cause of its descent; it is only the cause of accelerating it. The cause is gravity existing in the body at all times. Some such cause, some natural and constant tendency in man to think lightly of the divine presence, to apprehend it by the intellect without adopting it as a restraining principle upon the heart, ought to have been shewn in order to a complete solution of the difficulty. The same subject is pursued in the fifth letter, where the pliancy of the affections in youth is noticed as rendering it the most fit season for cultivating feelings and habits of devotion. The sentiment of gratitude to God is well characterized and described. In the general representation given of religion it is recommended not as a distinct science terminating principally in itself, as a theory which applies only to the solution of certain phænomena, or a system for the arrangement of certain facts; but as regulating every action of every individual. This introduces the subject of prayer, particularly as a mean of fixing a sense of the divine presence. That this sense may be not only sincere but con-

stant, those practical mistakes on the subject of prayer are adverted to, which are incompatible with a permanent and effectual impression of its reality. Such an impression is produced and maintained by a habit of considering God as the author of every circumstance and dispensation in life. It is also aided by the study of natural history, the province of which is to lead the mind from a view of the subordinate agency of nature to the supreme governor of the universe. The next letter begins with proposing a distinction, the propriety of which we do not very clearly perceive. 'A belief in the existence of the Supreme Being I have considered as the first principle of all religion; truth and justice as the first principles of moral rectitude.' This derivation of religion and morality, as it were, from two sources, has surely a tendency to mislead, and to induce a notion that they rest upon different sanctions. In the course of the letter, and repeatedly in other places, we are referred to a sense of the presence of God as the only security for our continuing in the practice of truth and justice. The insufficiency and uncertainty of the motives of mere honour are exposed, and every thing is brought to the test of divine approbation. Why then is there any occasion to deduce morality as a thing distinct from religion? To convince a child of the abstract duty of truth and justice must surely be a hopeless task: nor are we aware of any method of enforcing and elucidating moral duty in general more plain, simple and effectual, than to represent the whole extent of it, as well as each particular branch, as a homage we are bound to pay to our Heavenly Father, and as the sure mean of obtaining his favour and protection. The distinction is merely verbal, and has neither real existence nor practical utility. The application of the rules of truth and justice to the various circumstances of life is judicious and extensive. In enforcing the practice of two virtues so contrary to the general habits of the world, it might be censured as an omission, if no notice were taken of the popular objections against the possibility of always strictly adhering to them. If the observation of them is to be understood *cum grano salis*, if it may sometimes be dispensed with, no limits can be assigned to the occasions of such dispensation. Considerable pains are accordingly taken to shew that neither simulation nor dissimulation are absolutely necessary to politeness. The obvious duty of regulating our conversation with, and with regard to others, is discussed with force and perspicuity. The immorality of treating the character of others roughly or carelessly, is rendered more impressive to a youthful comprehension by representing character as a possession; for even children are aware that a posses-

sion cannot be invaded without injury to the proprietor. But to report rightly we must think correctly, and directions are given for forming an accurate estimate of character. The rest of the letter consists of some very sensible remarks on the use to be made of the influence to be derived from talents, personal accomplishments, or any other source. Had the limits of the work permitted such an expansion, we should have been glad to see these remarks extended into a more varied and particular notice of the inadequate ideas generally entertained by individuals of the influence every man possesses by his character and example, and the obligation to improve this talent. The necessity of a persevering adherence to principle is illustrated by a comparison with its opposite, that feeble pliancy, which slights the dictates of conscience to court the approbation or avoid the censure of the world. A tale is inserted to exemplify the glaring imperfections thus produced in characters otherwise unexceptionably amiable. A second of the same tendency is thus introduced:

'I have shewn that where fortitude and resolution are wanting, the knowledge of duty will not preserve from a failure in the practice of it, and consequently will not produce those habits of thinking and acting, which, from the constancy of their operation, are termed principles.

'I shall now illustrate the force of these habits from characters of a stronger texture; and elucidate the consequences that attend them by relating a few anecdotes in the lives of two young noblemen of distinction.'

Of both narratives the structure is simple, the events natural, and the characters delineated with spirit. In the second particularly the important moral which it is intended to convey, is displayed in all its bearings with a judicious forecast of the proposed effect. The gradual formation of good and bad principles is traced with more than usual accuracy and fidelity to its genuine source, and attributed to its appropriate cause. The tale is followed by a practical analysis and general scheme of application, which has at least equal merit with the story itself. It is easy, and intelligible, and comprehensive in the field it embraces. We have however some objection to make to the commencement of this letter.

'Truth, in order to render herself pleasing to the youthful mind, must sometimes permit herself to be arrayed by the hand of fancy. When she appears thus decorated, some care is, however, necessary, lest the attention should be so much engaged by the drapery, as to overlook the symmetry and proportions of the figure which it conceals.

'In order to prevent this, it is necessary to keep the "mind's eye" intently fixed upon the object proposed; to mark how far each circumstance corresponds with the general design, and how far it tends to place the truths it was its avowed purpose to illustrate in a clearer point of view. When satisfied upon this head, it is then our duty to apply the moral to our hearts.'

These are rather directions which the author should have prescribed to herself than have addressed to her pupil. It is indeed perfectly true that a fictitious narrative which envelopes moral truth, often fails of making a due impression, because a sufficient interest is not given to that part of the action from which the moral is to be extracted. The important feature of character in the agent is not rendered sufficiently prominent, so as to seize the attention and impress the heart, without efforts of reflection beyond the powers of a child. The tale in this case is either insipid and is hardly read through, much less remembered, or the general fascination prevents the mind from fixing upon any particular part with an eagerness that shall secure its exclusive recollection. But where this happens it is the fault of the writer not of the reader. Where the author addresses himself to readers of a mature age, whose attention is spontaneously directed to the subject; whose experience enables them to supply a chain of demonstration imperfectly given, or to embody a truth which is but half displayed, brevity may there be pardoned. It is but a subordinate care to detain the attention by the allurements of style and structure. But in writing for children, as the author is discharged from the labour of connecting remote truths, or eliciting discovery by sagacious conjecture, nothing remains but so to plan the manner of narrating a simple fact, or what might have been a fact, as that its perusal shall powerfully impress the truth it exemplifies by its almost irresistible aptitude to excite certain reflections. Unless this be done, nothing is accomplished, and the writer has misemployed his time. It is injudicious, and it is useless, to give directions how the tale should be read. If its impression is not spontaneous, if the pupil is to be warned to keep his eye upon the moral, and can only obtain it by such an exertion, the moral may as well be told separately from the tale at once. The narrative must also necessarily excite pleasure, or there is an end of all inducement to read or to remember it. The first page of the letter might therefore have perhaps been spared, as Miss H.'s narrative is liable to no such exceptions; and to the remarks which follow on the use to be made of the moral when once duly impressed, we have given our decided approbation.

The last letter of the first volume concludes that half of

the work which treats of what the author distinguishes as moral duties. Though this letter is of a retrospective nature, it is by no means taken up with mere recapitulation. This opportunity is taken of vindicating the omission of those general appendages to works on education—a precise line of study, a long list of books, and a systematic set of opinions. Instead of these, it has been the author's object to recommend and inculcate those principles which are the foundation of correct judgment and undissembled rectitude, in all circumstances and situations. Of their experimental consequences when brought into action, the most striking are enlarged upon; the difficulties to be encountered are fairly stated, and compared with the resulting advantages. Sufficient notice is taken of all the principal trials to which integrity is exposed, without concealment or aggravation.

In the second volume we have an historical account of religion, natural and revealed, with explanatory remarks on the persons, events, and difficulties which it introduces. In the general execution of this plan, nothing occurs materially different from the course pursued in works of a similar nature; our observations will, therefore, be specially applied to subordinate and particular points. Miss Hamilton seems inclined to admit that 'the narrative of the Bible, so far as it relates to facts merely historical, partakes of the imperfection which attaches to all other histories.' A suggestion which, as its consequences might not only be suspected to be important, but have been actually found to be mischievous, should not be proposed to any individual without the accompaniment of a patient and explicit investigation; and which ought hardly under any circumstances to be proposed to a child. Speaking of the promises of redemption the author says,

'Of this universal blessing, David was inspired to speak in still plainer terms than had been employed by Moses; but we are not to imagine that either David or Moses had any accurate conception concerning the nature of the event which they foretold.'

We scarcely know what meaning to attach to this assertion. From the continual mention of the Messiah by the writers of the Old Testament, from the minute and circumstantial description of the place of his birth, as well as of the offices with which he was to be invested, and the end for which he was to come into the world, we cannot suppose that they were entirely unacquainted with the highly important nature of the good tidings they were instructed to convey. Particularly when we compare their communication of these tidings with the expression of holy joy and satisfaction, with

which they are almost invariably accompanied, we are compelled to believe that they were aware of the retrospective virtue of the future sacrifice; and that nothing but a sense of personal interest, though imperfect and obscure, could have produced ejaculations of thanksgiving so animated and so appropriate. Another circumstance also needs further explanation. The dispensations of God towards the Jews are said to have been confined to matters merely temporal and national: the Almighty is the eternal God of the Jews, as well as their immediate and avowed governor in their theocratic state. Was no regard had to their relation to God, as their creator? Was there no divine consolation afforded to piety in affliction and persecution during the legal dispensation; no encouraging reversion held out to recompense its actual sufferings? A diligent attention to scripture, will, we think, afford some strong instances of this kind. The Saviour was announced in Paradise, and the promise of his coming repeated with successively increasing clearness till it actually took-place.

The conciseness necessary in a general treatise, should always be effected by that faithful discharge of the task of abridgment, which, rejecting all subordinate matter, presents the reader with a view of essentials at once entire, unembarrassed and connected. The description of faith, though negatively guarded with proper care, and attentively coupled with the necessity of its production of the fruits of obedience, wants an explicit statement of personal reliance on the merits and sufferings of the Saviour. The doctrine is indeed afterwards mentioned, but not placed, as it should be, in apposition with the particular description of faith, nor with the divine promise of accepting repentance. In the enumeration at P. 197, transcribed from the church catechism, of the qualifications required of those who come to the Lord's supper, 'a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ' is omitted. Another species of mistake repeatedly occurs: those holy affections and virtuous dispositions which the scriptures represent as the gift of God, as wrought in us by the restraining and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, are mentioned P. 125, and again at 183, as naturally arising in the mind by our unassisted contemplation on the promises of such help. The same natural tendency of encreasing faith and securing us against temptation is attributed to religious ordinances, particularly at pp. 206, 7. But this appears to us a very inadequate account of the promises of divine assistance, given in the Gospel. It has a tendency to exhibit the ordinance as the producing cause of this beneficial effect. Were the effect purely natural, it would be produced on all

alike. It may be said of many human institutions, that, used with certain dispositions of mind, they are calculated to produce a beneficial effect: it may be said even of some Pagan rites. But our peculiar privilege, our superior ground of dependance, is not upon the natural tendency of the ordinance, but on the divine promise with which it is accompanied, on the authority with which it is sanctioned. The various talents of time, fortune, influence, &c. and the innocent pleasures of life are called means of grace: why they are so specified it is hard to say, as they are only means of grace in the same sense in which every action, situation, word, or thought is a mean of grace. At p. 202, we are told that God did not require of human nature a faith beyond its powers. From the explanation of this which follows, it does not appear to be thoroughly warranted by scripture, any more than the assertion at p. 219, that in the New Testament we meet with no statutes of prohibition.

Some grammatical inaccuracies occur, and some uncouth expressions. Of these we shall only particularize the perverse use of 'will' for 'shall.' Unmanageable or broken metaphors are also occasionally introduced. From the general merits of the writer, we should have hoped, and wished, to see these corrected. She has written with considerable ability and interest upon a subject to which it was not easy to impart novelty of remark, arrangement or attractions. Subject to the exceptions we have stated above, we think it well deserving the attention of the juvenile readers for whom it is particularly calculated, as well as of those who are responsible for their instruction.

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ART. X.—*Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions, with Translations of similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language; and a few Originals by the Editor. By R. Jamieson, A. M. and F. A. S. Two vols.* 8vo. Cadell. 1806.

WHEN the influence of extraordinary genius, or the equally powerful operation of chance, directs the mind of the public to the study of some particular branch of knowledge, that had formerly been little cultivated, the enthusiasm with which it pursues the novelty, is generally much more ardent than the dignity or utility of the subject demands. It seems as if the world, conscious of injustice to the merit it had overlooked, were resolved to make amends for its former neglect by extravagant and preposterous commendation. Thus we see each age distinguished by its favourite studies, and

what our ancestors treated with contempt, we often regard with admiration. We in our turn shall probably become objects of ridicule to posterity, when many of the studies, prosecuted with such engrossing eagerness by us, shall be judged of by their own merits, and not by the false light thrown over them by novelty, talents, or caprice.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the perusal of Mr. Jamieson's splendid volumes, which are now added to the list of those publications that have of late over-spread Great Britain, and, in some measure, turned the attention of rational minds from the inspired pages of higher poetry to the silly simplicity of lazy shepherds, or the dull ribaldry of beggar-bards. These compositions, raked from the dust of illegible manuscripts, or the crazy memory of doting old women, are ushered into the world with dissertation and commentary, and dignified with the high-sounding appellation of national poetry.

We mean not to assert that the labours of the practical antiquary are altogether useless. On former occasions we have delivered our opinion of the merits and advantages of his enquiries, and expressed in the strongest manner our approbation of every attempt to rescue from oblivion whatever had a tendency to preserve the picture of those ancient manners, which are often much more strongly impressed on the rude fragments of traditional poetry than on the annals and chronicles of professed historians. But in the undiscriminating rage for ancient song, the end of collecting it has been forgotten. The verse that bears only the humiliating stamp of ignorance and stupidity, is recorded with all the beauty of type and paper by the enamoured antiquary, and with the same scrupulous fidelity as the strain that melts with pathos or burns with energy. In one page we pause with sympathy, and delight to mark the workings of uncultivated nature; in another we hurry with pity and disgust over the ravings of some idiot driveller. This great and unpardonable fault may be justly laid to the charge of every compiler of ancient poetry without exception, from Percy to the present candidate for antiquarian fame. But Mr. Jamieson has, in our opinion, been guilty of it with more inveterate obstinacy and with less temptation than any of his brethren.

In the account which we propose giving of his publication, this charge will, we are confident, be clearly brought home to him, with others of a nature less distressing, perhaps, to his readers, but more severely bearing on his qualifications as an editor of ancient poetry. We say less distressing to his readers, for one of the most prominent evils resulting from the unnecessary publication of many ballads in this compila-

tion, is the sum of money which is requisite to purchase it. We suppose the longest of the ballads here published were originally sold for something less than one farthing, without being considered as remarkably cheap. As it now stands the collection costs one guinea. A depreciation has no doubt taken place in the value of money, but unless the intrinsic value of poetry has risen to a height incredible and unaccountable, we advise our friends to withstand this exorbitant and ruinous demand. There is indeed something exquisitely absurd in allowing Ballantyne to adorn with his costly types and no less costly paper, the rude and homely strains of border minstrelsy. It is like clothing an astonished clown in the court dress of a nobleman, or caparisoning a broken-knee'd post-horse with the trappings of a charger.

The contents of these volumes consist, I. of Popular Ballads, &c. obtained from Recitation, MS. or scarce Editions. II. Translations from the ancient Danish Language by the editor; and III. some Specimens of original Poetry. On each of these classes we propose offering a few remarks.

I. Mr. Jamieson, who appears from his youth to have been addicted to studies of this nature, began in the year 1799, at which period he acted as classical assistant in the school of Macclesfield, Cheshire, to collect all the old ballads and songs that his own memory, or that of his friends, could supply, with a view of giving them to the world. By the assistance of Professors Gerard and Scott of King's College, Aberdeen, he procured many compositions of that kind, and had made considerable progress in arranging them for publication, when, in the year 1800, he paid a visit to Edinburgh. He there found that Mr. W. Scott had anticipated him in such a compilation, and was on the eve of publishing it. This discovery naturally enough vexed him not a little, as it threatened to crush in its infancy his first literary effort. Erroneously conceiving however, that Mr. Scott intended to confine his work almost entirely to the Border Raid ballads, he determined at last to proceed in his design, though he now confesses that the subsequent extension of the above gentleman's work has rendered a great part of his own entirely unnecessary. A long list of ballads occurs in page 7 of the advertisement to Mr. Jamieson's collection, that were in the possession of Mr. Scott in the year 1800, and have since been published by him; and to these many others might be added, which are in the same undesired predicament. These, it may be remarked, are the ballads possessed of most merit, and given by Mr. Scott with the greatest accuracy and from the best copies. But what shall we say of Mr. Jamieson's

common sense, when we meet in his collection with several ballads most execrably incorrect and pitiably mutilated, which occur in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border and many other previous publications, in a decent and becoming shape? For instances of this we refer the reader to King Henry, Vol. ii. p. 194. Clerk Saunders, Vol. i. p. 80. Fair Annie of Lochroyan, Vol. i. p. 36. Sir Patrick Spens, Vol. i. p. 157. All these faults however are perfectly innocent in comparison with the publication of many absurd affairs, in the happy ignorance of whose existence we can no longer be allowed to indulge. How exquisite the following elegy!

'Queen Jeany had travail'd for three days and more,
Till the ladies were weary and quite gave her o'er.
"O ladies! O ladies! do this thing for me,
To send for King Henry to come and see me."
King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bed-side:
"Why weep you, Queen Jeany? your eyes are so red!"
"O Henry, O Henry! do this one thing for me;
Let my side straight be opened and save my babie!"
"O Jeany, O Jeany! this never will do;
It will lease thy sweet life, and thy young babie too."
She wept and she wail'd, till she fell in a swoon:
Her side it was opened, the babie was found.
Prince Edward was christened with joy and with mirth;
But the flower of fair England lies cold in the earth.
O black was King Henry, and black were his men,
And black was the steed that King Henry was on.
And black were the ladies, and black were their fans,
And black were the gloves that they wore on their hands.
And black were their ribbands they wore on their heads;
And black were the pages, and black were the maids.

* * * * *

The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar,
But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.'

Does the merit of this lamentation, in Mr. Jamieson's opinion, consist in the beauty of the poetry, the discovery of the manner in which funerals were conducted by the undertakers of King Henry VIIIth's time, or in the truth of the historical fact which it deplores?

But the ballad of Andrew Lammie or the trumpeter of Fyvie, is still more delectable than the above. Of this the editor is so thoroughly convinced, that he presents us with it a second time under the agreeably varied appellation of Tyftie's Nanny. The situation of the different parties as described in the following stanzas is interesting:

'Her father beat her cruelly;
So also did her mother:
Her sister sair did scoff at her;
But wae betide her brother!

'Her brother beat her cruellie,
Till his straiks they were na cannie;
He brak her back, and he beat her sides,
For the sake o' Andrew Lammie.

'O fie! O fie! My brother dear,
The gentlemen 'll shame ye:
The Laird 'o Fyvie he's gane by,
And he'll come in and see me.

'And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me
And he will speer what ails me;
And I will answer him again,
Its a' for Andrew Lammie!'

Many of the ballads transcribed by Mr. Jamieson, from MSS. in the British Museum, the public library of Cambridge, and elsewhere, are curious and valuable. Even here, however, we are sorry to say that he is by no means deserving of unqualified approbation. In page 291. vol. ii. we find a song by Sir W. Raleigh from the MS. collection of the late Mr. Boucher of Epsom, which varies little from the copy in Ellis's Specimens of early English Poetry. It indeed wants the introductory stanza, which is unquestionably the best of the whole. This variation therefore, on which Mr. Jamieson in a note reflects with great complacency, might perhaps as well have been avoided. A very beautiful song on Music by Stroude, is given from the same MS., containing a stanza more than the copy of Mr. Ellis, which stanza we presume Mr. Ellis did not publish on account of its great inferiority to the whole. In the 5th line of the first stanza we have 'When *threats* can make the heart-strings ache.' Here *threats* is evidently a mistake either of the writer of the MS. or of Mr. Jamieson, for *threads*, which word occurs in the copy of Mr. Ellis, and makes sense. In vol. ii p. 319. a song is given from the Holborne Drollery anonymously, the author of which was Carew. From the said Holborne Drollery and other old collections, Mr. Jamieson has again obtruded on the public much precious stuff long since deservedly forgotten. The ballad entitled Thomas the Rhymour is an exception: it is a long poem consisting of three fits or cantos; the first being descriptive of the Rhymour's accidental interview with the Queen of Elfland, his journey thither, and his adventures among the fairies; and the two last, as might be expected from the character of the hero, containing a series

of prophecies regarding the disasters which Scotland was doomed to suffer. There is a savage wildness in many of the descriptions, a general veil of mystery thrown over the adventures, and a bold vigour of versification, that elevate this poem far above any authenticated production of a rude age with which we are acquainted, and we recommend a perusal of it to all who delight in fanciful and wondrous song.

II. We shall now offer a few observations on Mr. Jamieson's translations from the ancient Danish. When we consider the close affinity subsisting between the language of this island and of Denmark, we approve highly of every attempt to gain such a knowledge of the latter as may enable its possessor to trace any connexion subsisting between the traditionary poetry of the two nations. That such a connexion does subsist, is the decided opinion of Mr. Jamieson, who appears to be well informed upon the subject. Without wishing to enter into a controversy with a person probably more skilled in Danish antiquities than the writer of this article pretends to be, it may be asked upon what grounds does he rest his opinion? He says that he has found in the Kæmpe Viser, among other curious and interesting ballads, one upon the same subject as 'Lord Thomas and fair Annie' in the Border Minstrelsy, &c. But what stronger reason is there for supposing that the Danish ballad is the original, than the Scottish one? There has always been sufficient connexion between this island and Denmark, to justify the idea of our legendary tales having found their way to that country. This is a natural and easy method of accounting for the existence of many ballads in Denmark similar to those in Scotland. But suppose that we adopt Mr. Jamieson's theory to account for this acknowledged similarity. He thinks that the ancient Scalds were *bonâ fide* the authors of many of the traditionary poems now familiar to the British peasantry. This idea instantly appears extravagant when we consider that not a single scrap of poetry of any kind exists of a date that is not long posterior to the period when the Danes had any dominion in this island. If Mr. Jamieson could prove the contrary of this, his hypothesis might at least appear to have some plausibility. On the whole of this subject Mr. Jamieson's ideas appear to fluctuate between uncertain knowledge and downright ignorance. He actually believes that the Goths are the same with the Cimbri. Now it has been proved by the strictest historical evidence that the Celts were Cimbri. According to Mr. Jamieson therefore, the Goths and Celts are the same, though all the world knows that no two races of men were ever more strikingly distinguished from each

other by every circumstance of personal appearance, manners, customs, laws, character, government, and origin.

As to the translations themselves, they are very respectably executed, though with an affectation of close adherence to the originals, that ill-becomes one who has taken such liberties with the popular poetry of his own country. Indeed so close is this adherence to the original, that he declares his translation to be 'nearly as intelligible' to a Dane or Swede as to a Scotchman; of course the converse of this proposition must hold true: since therefore the original ballad is so very intelligible to a *Scotsman* (as Mr. Jamieson spells him), what is the use of this translation?

III. We are now to consider Mr. Jamieson in the light of an original poet. As his pretensions are not high, (though he once unwarily hints how vastly agreeable it would be to lie on the same shelf with Mr. W. Scott,) it would be unfair to expect much from him. In the present age of poetical education, who may not, if he chuses to try, write tolerable verses? The island swarms with poetasters; our universities nourish the brood, and private society is infested with their effusions. Mr. Jamieson stands as it were at the head of gentlemen of this class. He occasionally writes in a very pleasing and tender manner, of which the following ballad is a favourable specimen.

Fair Annie's Complaint.

'O open the door, my love Gregor;
O open the door to me;
Dark, wild, and bitter is the night;
And rough has been the sea.

'And I'm your Annie of Lochroyan,
Turn'd out frae house and hald;
Wi our sweet babie in my arms,
That dies for weet and cauld.

'Sae open the door, my love Gregor:
O open and let me in;
For the sea-surf freezes on my hair,
The cauld sleet on my chin.

'And cald, my love, is now that life
Whase smile ye aft hae blest;
And cald the bosome that your cheek
Has aft sae fondly prest.

'And cald cald soon will be that heart
That ay was warm to thee;
Nor ever mair your babie's smile
Delight his father's e'e.

'Then open the door, my love Gregor;
For an we twa should tine,
Ye never mair frae woman-kind
Can hope sic love as mine.'

There is occasional liberality of sentiment and freedom of expression in the verses of Mr. Jamieson, that would lead us to consider him as a man of the world, did not many passages of his prose prove that he knows nothing about it. Of this the story of the Bogle-Bo, we presume, presents an amusing example. A young man called Hab o' the Hench, after a troublesome and tedious courtship, finds himself in the marriage-bed with Bess o' the Mill. Bess, however, appears to have entertained ideas of matrimony altogether peculiar to herself, and to have considered it neither as a religious nor political institution; for, owing to her obstinacy, the three first nights of the honey-moon are passed in a state of cold and unsatisfactory reserve. Hab at last loses all patience with this outrageous vestal, and in the sad extremity of ungratified affection applies for relief to no less a personage than 'Sam Tod, the Toun Tailor.' This knight of the shears seems to have been a cunning personage, and executes his commission to a nicety. He arrays himself in the formidable insignia of his Satanic majesty; namely, a pair of horns, (ornaments of which the provoked husband had no reason to stand in fear) a hairy skin, and an immense tail. He stations himself at the foot of the bed, and poor Bess, out of her wits at the appearance of this Bogle-Bo, rushes into the arms of the delighted Hab, where she continues to the end of the poem. The moral of this pleasant story, which of course is expressly written for the young of both sexes, seems to inculcate the impropriety of young ladies either wishing or being permitted to remain maids after they have become wives; an evil which we hope with some degree of confidence, is not likely to gain much ground in this happy island. The poem itself is written in a strain of stupid vulgarity, for which the extreme youth of the author at the time he perpetrated it, is but an indifferent excuse. It only shows how very early his mind was liable to the impression of coarse images. Several things also which would almost appear as if intended for attempts at wit, are interspersed through the original poetry.

Of the author's prose we cannot speak so favourably as of his poetry: his style is inelegant and clumsy, to a degree that becomes painful. He ushers in the most common-place ideas with a formality that would scarcely be pardonable in an astronomer announcing the discovery of a planet. Speaking of some old ballads he says,

'These, though the same in their elements, he (the Editor) has

found so different in their superstructure, that no two copies had a whole stanza in common; sometimes not a single verse: the fable, in this resembling a stream that flows uniformly clear, pure, and salutary over its native bed, but afterwards branches off into several ramifications, each of which contains a part of the original body of water, but assumes new and different qualities and characteristics from the nature of the soil through which it passes.' Vol. i. p. 16.

In illustrating tales composed by some peripatetic fiddler, or half-witted parish schoolmaster, and preserved by the oral tradition of gossiping old wives, those inestimable repositaries of poetry, he walks upon stilts, and utters grave and sententious responses like a perfect oracle. Nay, he goes, upon such occasions, the length of quoting Greek, and drags Sophocles, Euripides, and Plutarch into very disreputable society. Perhaps, like danglers after genius, he means to show by this how intimate he is with these writers.

But the part of Mr. Jamieson's labours which, as it is the most important, should have been the most perfect, namely the glossary, discovers ignorance of the Scottish language so glaring, that we have some difficulty in believing him to be a native of that part of the kingdom. His omissions are innumerable. Burly, bliw', bur'd-alane, caneel, coft, cone, crap, ding, fa', fro, fur, gowd, kneif, loor, mald, pa', rune, slooming, are a few of the words that occurred to us in the perusal of these volumes, of which the glossary offers no explanation. Other words again are explained, familiar to all who have the happiness of being born the subjects of his Britannic majesty, such as aught, bale, benison, brand, defend, dwell, gage, guise, warp, hope, press, ruth, shears. This is being very kind. But Mr. Jamieson's errors of commission are more numerous than those of omission, even when added to those of supererogation. Take the following examples *Bannock, or thick oat cake.* Did he never hear the old Scotch tune of 'Bannocks o' barley-meal?' *Bent, a field.* Bent is a species of long coarse grass generally growing on barren upland ground. *Bield, shade, shelter.* No kind of shelter, we believe, is called bield, except what is artificial, as in the Scotch proverb, 'Better a wee bush than nae bield.' *Carle, a large old man. The application of this term conveys an idea of dislike.* Carle never necessarily implies any idea of size; and canty carle, that is a lively good natured old man, is a common expression over all Scotland. *Croon, the purring of a cat, or any low sound of that kind.* Did Mr. Jamieson ever read Burns's Hallow-e'en? We there have, 'The deil or else an outler-quey, Got up and gied a croon.' Now a cow never

purrs like a cat. *Gimmer, a ewe.* Are all ewes gimmers? The Agricultural Society do not think so. *Gullies, large knives.* A knife may be large enough to reach across a table without being a gully. *Fadge, the fourth part of a round cake quartered.* Does this mean the sixteenth part of a round cake? If so the good people of Scotland are wonderfully minute in the subdivision of the necessaries of life; which shows the high estimation in which they are there held. *Fee, cattle, hence property of any kind, and now more particularly wages, which, like the portions of Leah and Rebecca, were formerly paid in cattle and horses.* Here the words *cattle and horses,* mean, according to Mr. Jamieson, goats and sheep; as may be seen by referring to the 30th chapter of Genesis. The word in truth means sheep, Sax. feoh, or Swed. fae: it occurs in the most ancient Scottish pastoral extant, Robeyn and Machin, by Robert Henryson, 'Keip and a flock of fie.' *Lith, joint.* In Scotland people say the lith of an orange, but we presume they do not mean to aver that oranges have joints. *Lum, chimney-top.* It means the whole vent from the grate to the chimney-top. *Newt, black cattle.* Cattle of any colour, either black or otherwise, as may happen. *Sober, poor.* It were to be wished that all poor people were sober. *Linn, the pool under a waterfall.* It more generally signifies the rock over which the stream is precipitated, as in Burns's Hallow-E'en, 'Whiles ower a linn the burnie plays,' and in Duncan Grey, 'Spak o'louping owre a linn.' *Woode-wale, a red breast.* A woodlark is not a red breast. We almost think that Mr. James Grahame himself could have told the editor that. To mention all his inaccuracies would be endless.

In this glossary likewise the editor endeavours at etymology. He tells us, for example, that from the sound 'lip,' which is dear to children from their kissing it, come '*life*' and '*love*;' that on the same principle the Latin word, '*liberi*,' *children,* means *dear ones,* and *liberi, free persons,* means children, not slaves or aliens. This is, according to Mr. Jamieson's own principles, very liberal, that is, very childish, and his book is very childish, that is, very dear. In a little scrap of dissertation on the word '*earn*,' *an eagle,* he derives it from the Gaelic '*fear*,' which in the oblique cases drops the letter *f*; but unless it makes amends to itself, by taking up the letter *n*, it fails in its endeavours to make the word in question. The truth is, that the Saxon for an eagle is '*earn*.'

Having thus followed Mr. Jamieson through the whole of his work, we take the liberty of observing, that his arrange-

ment is the worst we ever had the misfortune to discover. Had he followed the three divisions that we have laid down in this review, all would have been well; but in fact every thing is mixed higgledy piggledy, as pleased the carelessness of the editor. His own compositions are mingled with those of the older time, like modern masonry with antique building; and sometimes, when a ballad has been presented in one form, it starts up before the astonished reader a hundred pages farther on, in another. As an excuse for all this, Mr. Jamieson tells us he was upon the wing for Denmark at the time this work was committed to the press. But the confusion we complain of pervades the whole performance, and is not accidental but systematic.

Our readers will by this time have seen that neither Mr. Jamieson's abilities nor information are very remarkable. He is possessed however, with an overweening conceit of his own powers, which sometimes breaks out in a very ludicrous way. He is indignant that the ungrateful world should hitherto have been so blind to his merits; though it may be remarked that as these merits were formerly altogether unknown, so has the publication of the present volumes rendered them extremely problematical. This is not a country where literary merit is often allowed to pine unrewarded: at all events, to complain of the want of patronage, and even of pecuniary assistance, is not manly, especially in a printed book, and it is unjust even to wish from others, what it is our duty to procure for ourselves.

'Those,' exclaims Mr. Jamieson, 'who have bestowed their best industry and abilities, and the most precious years of their lives, in labouring for the entertainment and instruction of others, have asked for an egg, and they have given them a serpent, they have asked for bread, and they have given them a stone. And what must I expect? "Ohe! jam satis est."

To this exclamation we most heartily subscribe.

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ART. XI.—*An Answer to the Admonitory Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the Subject of the late delicate Inquiry. By Aristides.* 8vo. 2s. Johnson. 1806.

THE indiscreet reports circulated by idle and gossiping people, concerning the conduct of an illustrious personage, have afforded a short but tolerably productive harvest to the lowest class of pamphleteers. Hence the Admonitory Letter

(noticed in our last number) and the present answer to it, from which no mortal can derive any information, except it be of that kind which he may obtain daily at Billingsgate, that a profusion of eloquence may be exercised, and lies retorted in great numbers, without the least effect on the reader's judgment.

The writer pretends to correct the errors of the Monitor, by shewing that he is as ignorant as himself.

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ART. XII.—*Strictures on Cobbett's unmanly Observations relative to the delicate Investigation; and a Reply to the Answer to the Admonitory Letter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, containing a true Account of the Cause why the Commissioners' Report has not yet been published, and many other additional Facts. By the Author of the Admonitory Letter.* 8vo. 2s. Tipper *and* Richards. 1806.

COBBETT, who quitted his sword and halbert first to follow Thomas Paine, then to wage war on him as a furious federalist in America, then to continue his warfare on democrats by becoming a frantic English Wyndhamite, is now, under the auspices of those great patriots at Wimbledon, Tooke and Burdett, returned to the point from which he started; that species of democratic frenzy, which consists in vilifying every thing elevated, preying on the unavoidable infirmities of the best characters, and aggravating evils, which real talents would endeavour to remove. He has been long playing about the subject of what is called a delicate investigation, but so as to alarm both parties; to be in readiness to pour his scurrilities on either, or both, as he may see occasion, or as the materials may suit his general purpose of gratifying the puny malignity of loungers at libraries, and readers to kill time.

The present Strictures are written by the author of the Admonitory Letter, but in the same vague and unsatisfactory manner with his former production; and we are satisfied his labour will be lost in attempting to flog the brawny back of Cobbett.

We sincerely wish, however, that on this and on other most important subjects, an illustrious personage would change his advisers, if not his familiar companions.

Frederic the Great of Prussia (whose name at this moment draws a sigh from all Europe) on being asked why he suffered about him several familiar fools, said, 'They are my pocket handkerchiefs. *Il faut cracher quelquefois.*' This we readily allow to a lively and amiable Prince. But, *il ne faut pas cracher toujours.*

ART. XIII.—*The Stranger in Ireland; or, a Tour to the Southern and Western Parts of that Country in the Year 1805. By John Carr, Esq. Author of the Northern Summer, &c. &c. Two Vols. 4to.* Phillips. 1806.

MR. Carr is one of those good-humoured and gentle travellers who give an agreeable hue to every thing around them, however desolate, and have the effect of a rose-coloured window-curtain on a dirty drawing-room. He may be considered as the exact reverse of Smollett, who was acute, ill tempered, and entertaining. Mr. Carr's 'nosegay of polar flowers,' which he gathered in his ramble to the North of Europe, (See Crit. Rev. Feb. 1806) is not yet quite forgotten; and he has lately discovered in the breast of every Irishman every virtue which can adorn human nature. We envy him not his feelings; for, however amiable they may appear to the patrons of the Minerva press, the haberdasher and hosier readers of the day, such a want of discrimination argues incontestable vacuity. The mind, in the first period of our existence, has been compared to a blank sheet of paper. Our ideas, in general, grow with our years; but, although the writer under review has long arrived at the age of discretion, and during his contented progress through the world, has soiled many reams of costly quarto with his itinerary lucubrations, yet can we see nothing in all his works but a perfect blank! He is read indeed, and circulated—but so are the Winter in London; Covrelia, or the Mystic Tomb; and Fitzgerald's Verses on the death of Mr. Pitt. The favour which Mr. Carr receives, implies his demerit, for it is the favour of young maidens and of apprentices.

We recognize the style of an old acquaintance in the first page. The epithets 'brown and bladeless,' remind us of the same feeble alliteration in the Northern Summer. The laboured weakness too of the following expressions—'a tale travelling through all the sinuosities of the ears to the seat of the understanding,' (p. 4) recalled us to many similar flights of fancy in the former travels of Mr. Carr. In page 5, he confesses that the birth-place of Shakespeare was incapable of rousing one poetic idea in *his* mind. We can readily believe this of the author of the following stanza, which we take from a ballad upon Poor Blind Bet, the mendicant so well known, not to say so troublesome, and sometimes impertinent, to the traveller in North Wales.

'Thou seem'st to say, "I've sunshine too!"
'Tis beaming in a spotless breast;
No shade of guilt obstructs the view;
And there are many not so blest
Who day's blush see.'

*Stranger in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 14.

The 'delights of bundling,' p. 11, we shall not explain: suffice it to say, that in this passage, as well as in another, (page 266,) where the author *talks* of 'female delicacy,' he not only has recourse to his old trick of incongruous titles, but displays the same propensity which we have before censured, to cater for the licentious taste of the inferior class of readers, for whom he successfully publishes. But these are the jokes of Mr. Carr; and indeed, his language, though not always correct, is always chaste: it is *only* his occasional choice of improper subjects which we here mean to reprehend. To revert to his information, which will, as usual, be found to be much upon a level with his *jeux d'esprit*. In page 7, he tells us 'that the beautiful vale of Llangollen is in Welsh called Thlangothlen: two sequent ll's being pronounced like Thl.' We do not dispute the truth of this assertion; its utility is all we controvert; unless our author writes for the nursery, which his allusions to '*bundling*,' &c. render improbable. We knew the above fact very shortly after we learned our letters. Of much more *naïveté*, though hardly equal accuracy when applied to all Germany, was that remark in the Anti-Jacobin, that in theGerman language, 'ü twice dotted is pronounced like i'—leaving us never at a loss how to address the plodding commentator upon Æschylus (Schütz) by his proper title. But we are far from wishing to deny our author his due praise. His remarks, (page 60,) 'upon the deplorable state of the coin in Ireland,' and upon 'the difficulties of exchange between that country and England,' are well worth attending to. Indeed, this is a subject which demands the strictest attention, and which cannot be adequately discussed except at great length. We do not mean to attribute any originality to Mr. Carr's suggestions in this business; we only approve of them as useful repetitions.

Nor are his instances of Irish bulls original. Many of them are borrowed without acknowledgment from Miss Edgeworth's humorous Essays, and the rest we have either seen in Joe Miller, or frequently heard quoted in conversation. Such *crambe repetita* would disgust a taste less fastidious than that which critical duty imposes. Indeed, we almost expected to come to the stale joke of an Irishman's asking at what hour the basket went, if the coach set off at nine; for we have the equally old story of the gentleman who collected a large quantity of oranges to make lemonade, and the following addition is subjoined to it, page 276. 'The author of the bull was a gentleman of high classical attain-

ments, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion when he discovered the mistake.' Now no person who has the least spice of humour about him, ever adds any thing after the point of his story, unless he can give it a new and better point. The above words of Mr. Carr bring to our recollection a very insipid person, whom we were once acquainted with, and who always began his stories by premising that they were excellent, and ended them by saying, 'when I told this before, the company all laughed heartily.' Away with such spoilers of jokes—and still farther away with such low buffoonery as the following specimen of cockney language, in page 279 of the Stranger in Ireland.

*Citizen.* 'Villiam, I vants my vig.'

*Servant.* 'Vitch vig, sir?'

*Citizen.* 'Vy, the vite-vig, in the vooden vig-box, vitch I vore last Vensday at the westry.'

We debase our pages with such contemptible extracts, only for the sake of warranting the strength of our condemnation of this writer; for the public requires at our hands a fair appreciation of the merit of their literary servants, of whom, by the free choice and patronage of that public, we are constituted joint-supervisors. The lenity of criticism has been of the greatest disservice to the cause of literature. How has the oil of adulation been pouring from the numerous horns of periodical writers upon the heads of their brother authors for the last twenty years! It was not so in the days of Dryden; of his blunders, which with all his genius he frequently made, every unlucky line or expression was hawked about the town to his great discomfort, and became familiar in the mouth of every blockhead. But such treatment was not without its effect, and might still be useful in enforcing upon the minds of authors the necessity of greater caution.

A more favourable extract cannot be made from the work before us than the author's delineation of the Irish character.

'With few materials for ingenuity to work with, the peasantry of Ireland are most ingenious, and with adequate inducements laboriously indefatigable, they possess, in general, personal beauty, and vigour of frame: they abound with wit and sensibility, although all the avenues to useful knowledge are closed against them: they are capable of forgiving injuries, and are generous even to their oppressors; they are sensible of superior merit, and submissive to it; they display natural urbanity in rags and penury; are cordially hospitable; ardent for information; social in their habits; kind in their disposition; in gaiety of heart and genuine humour, unrivalled; even in their superstition presenting an union of pleasantry

and tenderness; they are warm and constant in their attachments; faithful and incorruptible in their engagements; innocent, with the power of sensual enjoyment perpetually within their reach; observant of sexual modesty, though crowded within the narrow limits of a cabin; strangers to a crime which reddens the cheek of manhood with horror; tenacious of respect; acutely sensible of, and easily won by kindnesses. Such is the peasantry of Ireland: I appeal not to the affections or humanity, but to the justice of every one to whom chance may direct these pages, whether men so constituted, present no character which a wise government can mould to the great purpose of augmenting the prosperity of the country, and the happiness of society. Well might Lord Chesterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, exclaim—"God has done every thing for this country, man nothing."'

With the political sentiment expressed at the conclusion of this character we do not interfere; but as our author has drawn a picture only of the virtues of the Irish, without being invidious, we may suggest some few failings which derogate a little from such a model of perfection. We allow the hospitality, the kindness, generosity, and courage (which our author has strangely forgotten to mention in this passage) of the Irish in their fullest extent. But from that hospitality flows beyond a doubt boundless intoxication; that kindness is often suddenly changed by passion into the deadliest enmity; that generosity becomes the wildest extravagance, and it has been observed with justice, that the Irish *give* more readily than they pay. From their courage we have nothing to detract. The name of a brave man and of an Irishman are synonymous. The wit, humour, and acuteness of this people we also highly admire. With regard to the strict observance of sexual modesty in the promiscuous intercourse of an Irish cabin, we cannot speak upon this point from our own knowledge (though we have been in Ireland) and we doubt whether Mr. Carr can do so; but if such really be the case, human nature has been profuse of her discretion to a people, whom she has also endowed with her warmest feelings.

As to any advantage to be derived to the traveller in Ireland from Mr. Carr's book, the same at a much easier rate is to be purchased in the 'Post-Chaise Companion.' As to any entertainment, those persons who can be pleased with the manner of this writer, must possess minds so differently constituted from our own, that we doubt their understanding any opinion advanced by us. Let us, therefore, make some further references, and those to the second volume of the Stranger in Ireland, and then leave the public to decide upon the accuracy of our judgment. He is, we know, a favourite. Even as we write, the book is demanded at our hands by an

eager subscriber to the circulating library, from which we procured it. We have had the curiosity to inquire the name of the impatient reader, and find it to be a Miss ——, an eminent sausage-maker's daughter in the city. We resign the volume with a sigh of compassion for our fair incognita.

Before we begin again with Mr. Carr, 'with such delay well pleased,' we shall turn aside a moment to Dermody, from whose poems Mr. Carr quotes the following noble personification of Danger, whose bed ought to have been placed upon the edge of the Giant's Causeway.

> 'High o'er the headlong torrents foamy fall,
> Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
> On the loose-jutting rock, or mould'ring wall,
> See where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep.
> The piping winds his mournful vigils keep;
> The light'nings blue his stony pillow warm;
> Anon, incumbent o'er the dreary deep
> The fiend enormous strides the lab'ring storm,
> And 'mid the thund'rous strife expands his giant form.'

Though the ground-work of the above idea is borrowed from Collins's Ode to Fear, yet it is well enlarged upon, and is marked by a wild indistinctness which is perhaps not ill suited to the subject. We discover a force and a grandeur of expression which argues what the boy would have been, had he lived to immortalize the genius of Irish poetry. How has he been scandalized since his death by the cold unfeeling enemies of romantic imagination!—not that we would defend his excesses—he justly suffered for them—but let his superior talents be allowed, while his vices are condemned.

To recur to Mr. Carr and 'his pair of breeches,' P. 357. He says, that the dogs are frightened at such a phænomenon in Ireland; in short, he says so many absurd things that we must wave our intended endeavour to extract amusement from him, and confine ourselves to a cursory notice of some of his obvious inaccuracies, which may mislead the future traveller. Neither must the ridiculous extravagance of the prints be suffered to pass uncensured.

The frontispiece stiles itself DUBLIN, but instead of giving us the least idea of that city, it merely represents one of the public buildings with its dome preposterous, and the streets on each side the Liffy, as magnificent, (which streets are neither so elegant nor so spacious as Dyot-street, St. Giles's,) and the Liffy as itself wide and respectable, when in truth, it is narrow, paltry, and offensive. The general appearance of carriages and four, with outriders, is, alas! now unknown to Dublin; and in this respect Mr. Carr's picture reminds us of Repton's red books, and the *improved*

state in which he represents his own *improvements*. When we passed through the streets of that city, we certainly did not meet the elegant jaunting car, where the ladies sit *back to back*, (termed by the natives a *vis à vis*,) and apparently in Mr. Carr's picture drawn by a mezzotinto cow, but we did meet dirty hackney coaches, women blowzy, and without stockings and shoes, and immediately on the bridge north of Essex bridge, we thought we perceived an ordinary looking 'Stranger in Ireland' *plucking a nosegay* of shamrock.

We fly about with Mr. Carr, for he is so desultory as to preclude consistency. We have now got back to Wales with him, to pluck a nosegay of leeks. He heard that the 'salacious family of goats was nearly exterminated in North Wales.' They probably are so along the high-road, in which Mr. Carr travelled by night in the Holyhead coach. But he never visited Merioneth, or, to use his own grotesque language, he never saw the pretty little salacious innocents, skipping about the 'bleak and bladeless wastes of Snowdonia.' We say he never saw this country, having ourselves at Bedd Gelert, as he improperly spells it (Beth Gelert), seen the book from which he has copied his account of a romantic country, which, from the evidence of his own words and route, we here venture to declare, that HE NEVER SAW. 'In the morning I wandered to a little church,' says Mr. Carr, page 16.* He set out from Chapel Cerrig to proceed to Bedd Gelert, for a morning's walk. The commonest reader must know that this little excursion alone before breakfast, would reflect credit upon Mungo Park, as the geographer knows, what Mr. Carr evidently does not, that his *amble* must have led him over the precipices and through the defiles of Snowdon. But why should we speak of Mungo Park? Mr. Carr had time to write down the Honourable William Spencer's ballad upon Llewellyn's greyhound, as accurately as it is printed in the very book from which he transcribed his morning walk.

> "I demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
> Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias."

We believe for *demens*, we should substitute another spondee. Notwithstanding our Holyhead-coach argument, and the impossibility of Mr. Carr's walk over Snowdon, we are convinced that he was usually a pedestrian, not merely

* This work is occasionally bound as two volumes, although the pages are continued in one. This will account for the apparent difference of our references.

from his *sermo pede et repens per humum*, but also from his parsimonious abuse of the ferrymen in the Menai Straits, who charge, it seems, a shilling for an individual—a splendid shilling! Charon only asked a farthing! For Mr. Carr's information we will add that he may go over a vast deal more sea at the Aber-Menai passage for the same regretted shiner. God forbid, that he should pluck a nosegay of *Alga*—

'And fair Lutetia suck him down.'

To put our readers in better humour with Mr. Carr, we will refer them to an anecdote (not 'a curious bog anecdote,' chapter 14) concerning Grose the antiquarian, p. 328. Really we must confess that Mr. Carr occasionally entertains us by his profusion of retailed stories, and his own wholesale—what shall we say?—incongruities. We bid him adieu with one serious word of advice—never to publish again. Farewell, Mr. Carr!—Farewell—as we said to Colonel Thornton two months ago,

Farewell! a long farewell! Farewell for ever.

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ART. XIV.—*The Bees, a Poem, in four Books, with Notes Moral, Political, and Philosophical. By John Evans, M.D. F.R.M.S. Edin. Book I.* 4*to.* Longman. 1806.

IN most kinds of poetical composition, as we readily acknowledge the superiority of the ancients, so we can in some measure account for it: but in didactic poetry it seems at first sight somewhat strange that we have not advanced farther upon antiquity. In almost all objects of art or science we surely know more. Why can we not describe them better? Must poetry necessarily decline as knowledge rises? Are the solid and the ornamental perfectly incompatible? Would Virgil's Georgics have been worse, had there been a Board of Agriculture established on the Esquiline? These questions are more easily asked than answered. Certain it is, however, that we have but few didactic poems of merit. Perhaps all that can be said to account for it is, that as science takes a wider range, so much the more distinct do her territories become from those of poetry; partly, because the deeper we go and the more matter we collect, the less does it admit of being compressed into the limits of poetical precepts; and partly, because the time and pains requisite to dig into the mines of knowledge, as they are now laid open, allow of little leisure to decorate and festoon them

with the garlands of the muses. Nevertheless we maintain that, to a scientific age and nation like ours, didactic poetry is the province which may be cultivated with the fairest prospect of success. The Epopee is as a book closed to us, because, from the elevation of religious ideas which we happily possess, we cannot introduce any supernatural machinery, without sinking instead of exalting the subject. Even Milton nods in this particular. As for the higher order of lyric poetry, the feelings of a people advanced to so high a state of refinement as ourselves, are not strong enough to attain excellence, and to affect them while we have them not, is nauseous. The same may be said of the higher order of the drama. But in didactic poetry, there seems to be a large field still to be cultivated.

The spot which Dr. Evans has chosen in this field, is not indeed a new one, but it is one in which there is great room for improvement and additional information. 'Apibus quanta experientia parvis.' His style of versification is that of a man of extensive reading and cultivated taste. His lines are smooth and flowing, his diction graceful and correct, his metaphors well-chosen, and his allusions classical. Yet withal there is a something left behind, for want of which little impression of delight is left on the mind of the reader. What this something is, it is not easy to express in words, because it is of a negative kind. There is nothing in his manner which highly offends, save this circumstance, that there is nothing in it which highly gratifies. Variety and animation seem to be the two grand articles in which he is deficient. A sort of uniform and fulsome sweetness, the characteristic of the poets of the Darwinian school, runs through his first book. In those which are to succeed, we hope he will be more sparing in his nymph-system, where he has occasion to mention the botanical names of plants. We have no objection now and then to be introduced to an orchis or a dandelion as a person of consequence. But in the name of common sense, let a flower be sometimes a flower, and a bee a bee. Let fiction and fancy have their play, but let nature and truth be predominant. The four best lines in the composition before us contain no personification, nor scarcely a metaphor. But they please on higher grounds; they present to the mind a strong and lively picture of things as they really exist. We allude to the following description of a bean field:

> 'But ah! what sweetness steals upon the sense
> From yonder field, whose blossom'd beans dispense
> Arabia's fragrance! sweet the soothing sound
> Of countless bees, that buz and murmur round.' P. 37.

Thus much seems sufficient to say respecting the authors style and manner. Of the justness of his precepts on the management of bees, and of the truth of his remarks concerning their habits and institutions, we are not prepared to give a decided opinion. But from the authors whom he cites, and his collateral observations on other subjects in his notes we have no doubt that he comes well prepared to his subject. Neither can we as yet form a judgment of the merit of this first book, as a part of one whole. For this we must wait till the rest make their appearance. We have no hesitation, however, in giving it as our opinion that it is likely to form a pleasing poem, particularly to readers interested in the subject of which he treats. Hitherto he has given us only an account of the operations of the bees in the spring and early part of the summer; of their favourite flowers which are in bloom in those seasons; and of the different orders of bees, the labourers, the drones, and the queen. The extraneous matter is appositely and elegantly introduced. We shall conclude with a specimen consisting in the description of the queen bee:

'But mark, of regal port, and aweful mien,
Where moves, with measur'd pace, the Insect Queen!
Twelve chosen guards, with slow, and solemn gait,
Bend at her nod, and round her person wait.
Not eastern despots, of their splendour vain,
Can boast, in all their pomp, a brighter train
Of fear-bound satraps; not in bonds of love
Can loyal Britons more obedient move,
Whose patriot king an heartfelt homage finds,
And guides with easy rein their willing minds.
The pregnant queen her duteous slaves attend,
With plausive air the high arch'd dome ascend,
Cling in fond rapture round the genial bed,
And o'er her form a living curtain spread.

'When twice ten suns, with all-resplendant ray,
Have shed soft radiance on the brow of May,
The royal nymph to light, exulting, springs,
And gayly trims her short but sinewy wings.
Long is her tapering form, and fring'd with gold
The glossy black, which stains each scaly fold;
With gold her cuirass gleams, and round her thighs
The golden greaves in swelling circles rise;
Full arm'd, the monarch soars on sounding wing,
But mildly sheathes her formidable sting.

'Thus in the bloom of youth, and glory, shone
On Cressy's field great Edward's gallant son,
The sable warrior, dazzling to behold;
His jet-black arms emboss'd with burnish'd gold;

A snow-white plume wav'd o'er his radiant crest,
Britannia's lion grac'd her hero's breast.
Yet sweetly glisten'd in his modest eye
Th' enchanting smile of manly courtesy:
With heaven-born clemency if valour weds,
Then each on each reflective lustre sheds.'

# MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 15.—*Lyra Evangelica; or an Essay on the Use of Instrumental Music in Christian Worship. Including Critical Remarks on Authors who have written in Vindication of the Practice; Historical Anecdotes of Church Music; and Thoughts on Oratories. By Joseph Jefferson.* 8vo. Williams *and* Smith. 1805.

THE author inveighs against the use of instrumental music, and considers it as a relic of popery, which ought to be removed from our places of worship. The temper in which he frequently writes, does not justify the title he has affixed to his work. In this 'Lyra Evangelica' we discover very little, as we understand it, of the *evangelical* spirit. Fortunately however for Mr. Jefferson, this epithet is not without two handles, his claims to one of which we are not inclined to dispute.

ART. 16.—*The Origin of Sovereign Power, and the Lawfulness of Defensive War. A Sermon preached in the Church of All-Saints, Wainfleet, in the County of Lincoln, on Tuesday, June 4, 1805. to the Wainfleet Corps of Volunteer Infantry. By the Reverend P. Bulmer, A. B. &c. &c.* Rivington. 1805.

ART. 17.—*A Remonstrance addressed to the Reverend R. Warner on the Subject of his Fast Sermon, May 27, 1804.* 8vo. Meyler, Bath.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to the Reverend R. Warner.* 8vo. 1s. Robinsons.

THESE three pamphlets, of which we are sorry it has not been in our power to take an earlier notice, we have classed together, because the two last are addressed to the same person, and the first in part treats of the subject matter of the Remonstrance and Letter.

Mr. B. has been described to us as a very worthy minister of the Gospel, actively employed in the discharge of his duty. His discourse, which is pious and plain, is a creditable proof of his good intentions.

Mr. Warner, it seems, preached a sermon some time since, not only against the military character, but also against the right of war.

The 'Remonstrance' is a sensible though somewhat rambling and desultory work, and, as it appears to us, is not the production of a writer accustomed to composition. It contains most of the arguments which are usually brought forward in justification of self-defence.

The 'Letter' is a very respectable one, written with much neatness of style, and in a spirit of candour deserving of particular attention from Mr. Warner. The argument is conducted in a judicious manner, and though the matter is not wholly new, it is always well disposed and ably pointed to its purpose. The tendency of Mr. W.'s sermon is considered in all its bearings, and even upon his own ground he has met with a determined, an adroit, and, as we think, a victorious adversary. Who, to dismiss the question in few words, can approve of principles and opinions, which, if carried into effect, would unnerve every British arm, and leave us at a moment like this, 'naked to our enemies?'

ART. 19.—*A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Durham, July* 30, 1806, *at the Assizes holden before the Hon. Sir Robert Graham and the Hon. Sir Thomas Manners Sutton, Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer at Westminster. By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. Published at the Request of the Honourable and Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Durham.* 4*to.* Payne. 1s. 1806.

FROM the appeal of St. Paul from the injustice of Festus the governor to the higher tribunal of Cæsar, the preacher, in eloquent and forcible language, takes occasion to deliver an eulogy of the British constitution, and to pay a merited compliment to the magistrates who preside over the courts of justice.

ART. 20.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Grantham in the County of Lincoln on the* 31*st of May* 1804, *at the Visitation of the Reverend the Archdeacon. By the Reverend J. G. Thompson.* 4*to.* Hatchard. 1806.

THE object of this discourse is to set forth the excellency of the character of a minister of the gospel, by shewing the excellency of the gospel itself: and though the sermon displays no great erudition, yet it seems to be the production of a mind fraught with piety, and solicitous for the happiness of mankind.

ART. 21.—*A few plain Answers to the Question, Why do you receive the Testimony of Baron Swedenborg? addressed from a Minister to his Congregation. By the Reverend J. Clowes, M A. Rector of St. John's Church, Manchester, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.* Manchester. 1806.

MANY of these answers are rational and orthodox; but the answer to the question 'Why do you believe Baron Swedenborg to be a *seer*?' is lame and impotent.

ART. 22.—*Further Evidences of the Existence of the Deity. Intended as an humble Supplement to Arch-deacon Paley's Natural Theology. By George Clark.* London. Faulder *and* Johnson. 1806.

THE belief of the existence of a supreme intelligent Creator is so early instilled into the mind, and the marks of design which confirm it, are so constantly present to the senses, that it bears the appearance, and has by Malebranche and others been erroneously considered in the light rather of an instinctive principle, than of a deduction of the reason. And to this very cause, strange as it may seem, atheism perhaps is principally indebted. For sceptics are always most disposed to call in question the truth of those principles, which are most intimately and insensibly woven into the constitution of their minds; and therefore not being able to recollect any precise instant at which they first arrived at the conclusion that there is a God, they throw it by among the other lumber which they despise as the *prejudices of education*. Unfortunately Clarke, Locke, and other acute reasoners upon the subject, have dwelt more upon the *à priori* argument, as it is *called*, than upon the simple and direct process from marks of design to a designing cause. Paley, with his characteristic greatness of mind, has seized hold of, and most convincingly elucidated the latter argument. His talent was to place an argument in its clearest and most striking light, and this talent he has exercised perhaps with happier success in his Natural Theology, than even in his preceding works. The present publication is intended as a supplement to Paley's, and its general purport will be understood from the following extract:

'Not till after I had written the following argument, had I enjoyed the delight of a perusal of Archdeacon Paley's most excellent Evidences of Natural Religion. The spirit which dictated that work would have ensured, had he been living, the worthy author's cordial approbation of this. It is an offering of the same nature, at the same shrine.

'It may at first sight appear superfluous, to add any thing to the excellent arguments adduced by the worthy archdeacon, and so it would be, if it were again to tread over the same ground. But the grand argument in the following sheets, is not exactly of the same kind with those adduced by him. It is not merely to point out the evidences of art, which appear in the form of animals; not merely

to point out the mechanism apparent in animal frames, and thence to infer design and intention; but to shew prospectively, from the constitution of the sexes, and the formation of the first individual of each species of animals, that there must have been a pre-cogitation, a previous intention, a pre-ordination;—to shew from the formation of one of the sexes, that a pre-supposal of the certain future formation of the other sex, must then have existed;—and that upon atheistic principles, it was impossible, even if an animal of one sex had been fortuitously produced, that another co-ordinate and correspondent animal of the other sex, could have been so produced, as to have perpetuated the species:—and finally to shew, that this impossibility attaches to, and is multiplied in every instance of the formation of sexes, in all the species of animals which have been produced.

'To all that can be said about the formation and production of a mere animal, the atheist has one common answer, "It was produced by the energies of matter, it is the result of attraction and repulsion, of sympathy and antipathy, of affinities, relations, and combinations." My object is to carry the atheist beyond that point, and to make it appear, that even admitting an animal could have been produced by such energies, yet that it was impossible things should be as they now are;—and that if the existence of the first individual of each species of animals had been lengthened out even to myriads of ages, yet it is most incredible, that by the fortuitous production of such an other animal, the species should have been propagated, encreased, and continued, as we now see them.'

This argument (as the author acknowledges at the end of his essay) is not left wholly untouched by Paley. It is contained in the chapter on *Relation*, and, so far as he treats it, is most clearly and cogently enforced; but he does not dwell very long upon it for obvious reasons. Indeed it is a branch of the general argument, upon which it is better to lead the reader to exert his own reason than to expatiate at length. Those inferences of a God from the evidences of design in his creation, will always have the strongest effect to produce conviction, which 'ipse sibi tradit spectator.'

The treatise before us does considerable credit to Mr. Clark's abilities and zeal. Yet we wish not to see argumentative works on this subject too much multiplied, while we possess one so amply sufficient to its end. It may induce the unthinking and frivolous to suspect that the existence of a deity is rather the result of a long train of reasoning, than (what it really is) the clear and simple inference of a syllogism, that may be applied to every insect and blade of grass around us, and to every motion of thought within us.

## NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*The Wild Irish Girl. 3 Vols. 12mo. By Miss Owenson.* Phillips. 1806.

IT has been said, though we cannot answer for the truth of the report, that the Novice of St. Dominic, a former work of Miss Owen-

son, was the last book that amused the hours of illness of the late Mr. Pitt. It was not, therefore, without some degree of interest, that we took up the present volumes.

The honourable Mr. M., disgusted with the manners of the fashionable females of the metropolis, in order to remove him from the scenes of his former youthful extravagance, is sent by his father, a willing exile, to a family estate in a remote part of Ireland. During his banishment, accident introduces him into the family of a lineal descendant of one of the ancient princes of the country, the heir of their title and miserable remnant of their formerly spacious domains, but endowed with a mind unsubdued by misfortune, with pride unabated by adversity, and with an hereditary hatred to the name of M., whose family enjoyed the possessions wrested from his ancestors by the tyranny of Cromwell. His daughter, Glorvinar, is represented as the picture of female perfection: the susceptible heart of Mr. M., as may naturally be expected, is not dead to the charms of this "Wild Irish Girl," and mutual love succeeds their meeting.

Such is the foundation on which Miss O. has built the work before us, which, tho' we cannot speak of it in the first style of panegyric, is yet in many parts capable of exciting considerable interest, and may well amuse a leisure hour.

Among other defects, we cannot but observe the injudicious manner with which Miss O. has introduced her disquisitions on the manners of the Irish, which compose above one half of her book, and which it would have been better either to omit or to throw into the form of an introduction or of notes. While the tear of sensibility is swelling in the eye of her fair reader at the woes and virtues of the interesting heroine, it is frequently checked by an elaborate dissertation on the Irish harp, or a lengthened argument on the comparative antiquity of the Scotch or Irish poetry.

We would also ask Miss O. whether she thinks Mr. M. justifiable in fashioning the unformed mind of the Wild Irish Girl, by the assistance of Rousseau's 'Nouvelle Heloise,' and the other volumes of the same description which he offers to her perusal? We are bound to presume that the circumstance was introduced as being more congenial to the ardent imagination of her hero (who, unlike most heroes of romance, has his failings), than as the real opinion of the fair authoress.

ART. 24.—*The Invisible Enemy, or the Mines of Wielitska. A Polish Legendary Romance.* 4 *Vols.* 12mo. *By T. P. Lathy.* Lane *and* Newman. 1806.

WE were sorry to find the Mines so unproductive. The romance of Mr. L. has but little to recommend it to the discriminating reader. The plot is threadbare and irregular, composed of a few incidents thrown together in an unmeaning confusion, tedious where they concern, and where they do not, as indifferent and uninteresting as they are unnecessary, and seldom endowed with any pretensions to originality.

## POLITICS.

ART. 25.—*The present Relations of War and Politics between France and Great Britain. By John Andrews, LL. D.* London. 8vo. G. Robinson. 1806.

DR. Andrews has here favoured the public with some well meant common-place political observations, in which we do not discover either much comprehension of view or sagacity of intellect.

ART. 26.—*Remarks on the Oude Question.* London. 8vo. Richardson. 1806.

SINCE the year 1756 an amicable connection had subsisted between the government of the East India Company, and the nabob of Oude. By several treaties with the nabob, the company were to assist him with a certain number of troops, for which he was to pay a certain stipulated subsidy. On the accession of the present nabob in 1791, a new treaty was made, in which it was agreed, that the company's force in Oude should not consist of less than 10,000 men, and that in case the subsidy which the nabob was to pay should fall in arrear, he was to furnish satisfactory security for the discharge, and for the regularity of the future payments; but it was expressly stipulated that 'the nabob should possess full authority over his household affairs, his hereditary dominions, his troops and subjects.' The nabob appears from the evidence to have adhered firmly to the spirit of his engagements; but the company's agents at different times seem to have interfered very officiously and contrary to the stipulations of the treaty in the domestic management and political jurisdiction of the nabob. The government of Bengal next proceeded to propose various reforms in the province of Oude, which were not likely to be very palatable to the sovereign. He was required to abandon the whole of his army, and to make large territorial cessions to the company. By way of intimidation, additional troops were introduced into Oude; and towards the close of the year 1801, the nabob was compelled to consent to the cession of half his territories to the English, and to leave the remainder subject to their permanent controul. It is but too seldom that we find the great principles of justice respected in the political transactions of Indostan. Our government in that quarter of the world, like many of the governments of Europe, seems to consider force as the measure of right; and to be restrained by no considerations of morality from attempting the execution of any project which avarice or ambition may excite. We do not enter into the question of policy; for impressed as we are with the awful necessity of an universal submission to the precepts of moral duty, we can never consider that to be policy, which is at variance with justice.

## POETRY.

ART. 27.—*Werneria, (Part the Second) or, Short Characters of Earths and Minerals: according to Klaproth, Kirwan, Vauquelin, and Hauy. With Tables of their Genera, Species, Primitive Crystals, Specific Gravity, and Component Parts. By Terræ Filius Philagricola. Part II.* 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* Baldwin. 1806.

OUR notions of the inutility and absurdity of the first part of this work, were given at some length in our Review for September, 1805, together with some specimens of the strange and unmusical versification of this Son of the Earth. That part of his work consisted of a 'Tract on Earths,' the nature, properties, and uses of which were recorded in verse, the more easily to gain footing and retain their position in the memory of the student of mineralogy. He now proceeds in his second part to treat the metals in the same manner. But we do not think that he will materially serve their cause, or extend their notoriety. Let those who question our judgment, exercise their retentive faculties with the following description of lead:

'Pure lead is soft, and to the nail gives way;
And soils the fingers with its touch; livid
In colour grey, but to the air expos'd
Changes to yellow white, and bluish black.
In taste and smell, if rubb'd, unpleasant, more
Malleable than ductile, less hard, less bright,
And less tenacious than all the rest.
In every acid soluble, with gold,
With silver, and with tin in fusion joins,
And e'en with sulphur, and with phosphorus
Combines; in manufactures great it's use,
For shot, for pewter, and for soder soft!'

The notes, as in the former part of this publication, are by no means deficient in knowledge. We only wage war against the author's taste and his ears.

ART. 28.—*The Swiss Exile, A Poem, by Shirley Palmer.* 4to. Longman. 1804.

WITH the greatest respect for the patriotic sentiments expressed in this little poem, we cannot approve the style of execration which runs through it. 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!' and the other curses pronounced on the conquering Edward by Gray's bard, are sublime and solemn without causing any emotion of disgust to a philanthropic mind. Not so the language of the Swiss Exile. Witness the three following stanzas:

'O country accurs'd!! ne'er again may sweet Spring,
O'er thy plains, o'er thy dells, and thy mountain-steeps bloom;
But may Winter around thee, her frowns ever fling;
And Midnight eternally veil thee in gloom.

'May Frosts, and may tempests, thy harvest-fruits blight,
And o'er thy proud cities, Dearth wait her fell breath;
Disappointment, thy toils, and thy labours requite,
And haggar'd-eyed Pestilence strew the with death.

'Yes!! may'st thou experience disasters more dire
Than those, by thy war-fiends, o'er Switzerland spread;
May national Discord involve thee in fire,
And the deadliest Plagues on thee ever be shed.'

Longinus would here cry out, Οὐ τραγικα ἐπι ταυτα, αλλα παιξι-τραγῳδα.

The metre which the author has chosen, is the worst adapted to his subject of any in the English language. In the first place it is one in which smoothness and harmony are very difficult to attain; and in the next it is (or should be) appropriate to buffoonery and burlesque. It must be confessed indeed that Beattie has applied it to morality, and Campbell to pathos, in his pretty little poem entitled the Exile of Erin. But in these and such instances a violence is offered to the ear, which the concomitant beauties render it difficult to perceive. We have mentioned this the rather, because we seem to discern in the present race of poets a strange desire to force our measures to expressions foreign from their nature, in the same manner as our musicians are fond of playing tricks upon their instruments, and extorting jigs and hornpipes from the trumpet or the double-base. A sure and never-failing symptom of declining taste! But to return to Mr. Palmer, such harsh and tooth-breaking lines as the following can be excused only on the plea of inexperience:

'The blest hour when *thou* hence my freed spirit *shall* call.
Then extending his clasp'd hands tow'rds heaven—he knelt.'

But we wish not to multiply grievances. The poem in many lines shows marks of some genius, and with patience and application to our classical writers Mr. P. may in time become as chaste a versifier as he now seems to be a loyal subject.

## MEDICINE.

Art. 29.—*Serious Reasons for uniformly objecting to the Practice of Vaccination: in Answer to the Report of the Jennerian Society. By John Birch, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales.* 8vo. Harris. 1806.

WE do not find a single new fact here brought forward on the contested subject of vaccination, nor any serious reason why Mr. Birch, without derogating from the consistency of his character, may not have changed his opinion, as his information increased; as several other able men have done. He who can seriously assert, that vaccination has been a trick of some men-midwives to secure the

possession of the nursery, that the apothecaries have given into it to counteract this plot of the man-midwives, that his colleagues at St. Thomas's hospital, and that the great body of respectable practitioners through the whole country have been deceived and imposed upon, in opposition to their obvious interests, must either be so prejudiced, if he speaks from conviction, as to be incapable of judging of the truth, or, if his motives are less pure, so perverse as to forfeit all claim to confidence. Of Mr. Birch, who has not disgraced himself by fabricated cases, we are willing to hope the best. He thinks he is defending his consistency. We find in the pages before us numerous and glaring inconsistencies. 'He opposed the experiment,' he tells us, 'at the very commencement' (p. 21); and he says, notwithstanding, (p. 67) 'That the experiment itself should have been made, I likewise think wise.' He talks of hundreds of failures: but let us appeal to a witness to whom he will not object; we mean to himself. In his evidence before the house of commons, he declared he knew of no instance of a person, after having gone through the cow-pox, catching the small-pox. This seems to have been the state of his knowledge (we mean not of his opinion) in 1804. In 1805 he informs us (in his letter to Rogers, p. 38,) that he has collected materials enough to satisfy the public of the validity of his objections to vaccination, and that he thinks it a duty he owes the public and himself to come forward. He then gave evidence to one failure, asserted that every post brought him accounts of others, but not admitting hearsay evidence, delayed to publish them. How then, in 1806, has he redeemed his pledge? Truly, by making some cavils at the Jennerian report, and a slight critique on the pamphlet of Mr. J. Moore. How unfortunate that of the *hundreds* of failures which are asserted so confidently to have happened, the evidence of Mr. Birch, the *original*, the *uniform*, the *consistent* opposer of vaccination, can be brought only to *one*? We think the warmest advocate of the practice might confidently appeal to his testimony in support of it.

In one part of the argument we must allow Mr. Birch to have obtained a complete victory. 'Why is it not remembered,' he asks, 'that in the populous parts of the metropolis, where the abundance of children exceeds the means of providing food and raiment for them, this pestilential disease is considered as a merciful provision on the part of Providence to lessen the burthen of a poor man's family?' Oh! hard-hearted and prophane vaccinists, to counteract this merciful provision of Providence! But even here Mr. Birch's apprehensions are groundless. For where food and raiment fail, we doubt not that cold and hunger will ultimately have every happy effect now attributed to that greatest of human blessings, the confluent small-pox.

ART. 30.—*A practical Account of a Remittent Fever, frequently occurring among the Troops in this Climate. By Thomas Sutton, M.D.* 8vo. Robinson. 1806.

THE fever described in this pamphlet, occurred in the Military

Hospital at Deal, and frequently appears, according to Dr. S., among the military in this climate, during the cold months of the year, especially when they are in barracks, or in other confined and crouded situations. It appears to be contagious, and, if treated with wine, bark, and opium, assumes the form of what would generally be denominated *typhus*. It seems to differ from this fever, however, in being attended with more complete remissions during the day, and exacerbations in the night, and with an insidious inflammation in the viscera of the thorax; but above all, in being generally treated with success by copious blood-letting. We cannot, indeed, but rank Dr. Sutton among the pupils of Dr. Sangrado, for he repeatedly speaks of bleeding to *thirty ounces*. One man, in a relapse, we are told, 'was bled first to 24 oz. and on the following day to 40, and from this attack recovered in six days.' P. 28. Now *four pounds* of blood, taken in the course of probably not more than 24 hours, would seem to have caused a material diminution of the powers of life: yet Dr. Sutton, with some apparent inconsistency, disapproves of brisk purgatives, even in the beginning, as they 'have induced great apparent debility, and in some cases have manifestly brought on dangerous symptoms.' P. 31. Success, however, is the best criterion of the value of any practice; and under this mode, the greatest average of deaths did not exceed one in 20; whilst under the *early* use of bark, wine, opium, &c. (a treatment, by the bye, which, even in pure typhus, judicious practitioners do not now adopt.) out of 37 patients received into the hospital, 11 died.

The fever is described with perspicuity, and a few judicious observations occur relative to some of the expedients of practice.

## MISCELLANIES.

ART. 31.—*The Saunterer, a Periodical Paper. By Hewson Clarke.* 8vo. 5s. Ostell. 1806.

MANY of the essays of which this volume is composed, were first given to the world in the Tyne Mercury. The approbation with which they were received, has induced their author to revise them, and publish them collectively.

A periodical paper is certainly a bold attempt, in which Mr. Clarke has hazarded his juvenile powers with considerable success. The reader, who is satiated with the entertainment and instruction of the Spectator and of other similar productions, may turn without disappointment in a leisure hour to the pages of the Saunterer.

Mr. Clarke concludes his last essay with an imitation of Johnson's admirable close to the preface of his Dictionary.

'When I look back upon my own labours, whatever may be their insipidity or weakness, I am surprised at my own attempts. My writings, it is true, must be equally praised or condemned, whatever may be the situation or the motives of their writer. But surely if the author be disgraced, the man may be excused, when it is known, that they were not composed in the shades of retirement, or in the moments of ease and pensive luxury, by the man of pleasure or the votary of

science; but amidst the bustle of business, and the murmur of the crowd; by one whose days have been spent in commercial activity, and who, without displaying the genius, has perhaps furnished by his writings an example of the youth, the temerity, and the pride of Chatterton.

'If, notwithstanding my labour and my hopes, the literary fabric which I have reared, should be doomed to stand only for a while a mouldering monument of useless labour, I shall at least receive some consolation by reflecting that I have not composed a line which, in the hour of sickness or of death, I could wish to blot. It is not in my power to command the praises of learning and greatness, but I have endeavoured to deserve the favour of piety and virtue.

'HEWSON CLARKE.'

All endeavours to deserve the favour of virtue and piety, are just grounds for self-congratulation, to which we are willing to grant our concurring applause; but we must observe that, as Mr. Clarke in a former essay has given the portrait of Chatterton with 'high colouring,' there is an appearance of vanity in his concluding comparison, which had better have been 'blotted out.'

ART. 32.—*Select Exercises, containing a Variety of Questions in the different Parts of Science, intended chiefly for the higher Classes of young Gentlemen in Schools, &c. By Thomas Whiting, Schoolmaster.* 12mo. Longman. 1806.

THESE questions appear to be well chosen for the purpose intended, but certainly ought to have been arranged in a progressive order. An useful system of practical trigonometry is added, together with its application to the measuring of heights and distances.

ART. 33.—*Portable Mathematical Tables, containing Logarithms of Numbers; proportional Parts; artificial Sines, &c. &c. By Thomas Whiting, Master of Keppel-house Seminary.* 12mo. London. Longman. 1806.

A WORK much wanted in schools, and, as far as we have examined it, executed with accuracy.

ART. 34.—*The Mariner's complete Exercise Book; containing a Selection of the most useful Questions, in Right and Oblique Trigonometry, also in the various Sailings requisite in Navigation; to which is added a great Variety of Problems in Astronomy, &c. By B. Donne, Master of the Mathematical Academy, Bristol.* 1805.

THIS little book is printed in a cheap form, and appears well calculated to answer the purpose intended, namely, that of a text-book for scholars learning the principles of navigation and astronomy.

ART. 35.—*The History and Description of the City of Exeter, and its Environs, ancient and modern, civil and ecclesiastical; comprising the Religion and Idolatrous Superstitions of the Britons,*

*Saxons, and Danes; the Rise and Progress of Christianity in these Western Counties, with a Catalogue of the Bishops, from the First erecting this County into a Diocese, to the present Æra, collected from the most approved Historians. Also a general and parochial Survey and Description of all the Churches, Places of Divine Worship, Public Buildings, Institutions, Antiquities, present Government, Prospects, &c. &c.; a List of Mayors and Bailiffs to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. By Alexander Jenkins. Illustrated with a Correct Map of the City and Neighbourhood, a View of Rougemont Castle Gateway, and several Ancient Plans and Miscellaneous Plates.* 8vo. Scatcherd *and* Letterman. 1806.

THE length of the title-page precludes us from the necessity of entering into the details of this publication. We shall however do no more than justice to the labours of Mr. Jenkins, in asserting that he has made his work as entertaining as it possibly could be made for general readers, and peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of Devonshire.

ART. 36.—*Colonel Thornton's Transactions and Negociations with Robert Christie Burton, Esq. legally, morally, and liberally considered.* 8vo. Goddard. 1806.

THESE transactions chiefly relate to the purchase of some pictures by Mr. Burton at a public sale of Colonel Thornton's; after the purchase was made, Mr. B., it appears, repented of his bargain, and endeavoured to prove that he had been imposed upon by the Colonel, who, he pretends, sold him mere copies, as original works of great masters. The object of this pamphlet is to remove the impression, which so gross a calumny may have raised in the mind of the public against the character of Colonel Thornton, who, however foolishly he may have acted on other occasions, appears in the present business to have behaved with the utmost propriety and liberality. The fact is, as the time of payment drew near, Mr. B. perceived that he was unable to 'raise the wind,' and had recourse to legal measures to procrastinate the time, which, not succeeding according to his expectation, he at last compromises the matter on the following terms: the Colonel, by taking back a considerable portion of property to accommodate Mr. Burton, reduced his demand to 2,700l. which he is to be paid in four years by instalments, with interest.

This pamphlet is evidently written by a friend of Colonel T.'s, but the veracity of the statements contained therein seems unquestionable.

ART. 37.—*An Address to the Visitors of the Incorporated Society of Doctors in Civil and Canon Law. Part I and II, by Nathaniel Highmore, LL. and M. D.* 8vo. Cadell *and* Davies.

THE occasion on which this Address was written, was briefly this:

Dr. H. having by a course of academic education in the university of Cambridge, acquired the degree and quality of a doctor and professor of civil-law; having also studied that science in the university of Edinburgh, and having in both those universities received from the professors thereof flattering testimonials of his industry and acquirements; having also, in taking that degree in the university of Cambridge, kept his acts, and performed the exercises in the form and manner prescribed by the society of doctors in civil and canon law, as necessary towards admission into his majesty's courts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, he applied early in the last year to the registrar of the above mentioned university for the certificate of his qualifications, which he sent with his petition to be admitted as an advocate, in the usual and prescribed form, to his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. To this his certificate and petition his grace's fiat was returned, and his commission was in consequence duly and regularly made out.

'Having been informed that they, so made out, were in the office of the registrar, he on the day previous to the commencement of Easter term, in the same year, waited in the usual form on the Dean of the Arches, the president of that society, to inform him of his intention to take his seat under that commission the following day. The president in reply, informed him that he could not be admitted as a member of that society, or allowed to practise in those courts, it being understood that he had formerly taken the orders of a deacon.'

This was an unexpected blow to the future prospects of Dr. H. and after having taken the opinion of eminent counsels, he was advised to write an appeal addressed to his grace the Archbishop of C. and the noble lords appointed by his majesty visitors of that society. With this advice he complied; and on the 12th of November had a personal interview with the Archbishop of C., who informed him that he should be heard on his appeal by himself, and the visitors. After a long interval he received a letter from his grace's secretary, informing him that the business could not be brought before the visitors. He therefore determined to publish the present address, which is in substance the same as he intended to have delivered to the visitors.

It throughout indicates great acquirements in various departments of literature and science, and makes us regret that existing laws debar the court of so learned a member as Dr. H. would certainly prove.

His conduct, contrary to the usual custom of men who conceive themselves personally aggrieved, has been throughout distinguished by a coolness and dispassionateness which is deserving of the highest encomiums: nor has the behaviour of the Archbishop of C. been less liberal and gentleman-like. The use of the University press was refused on this occasion to Dr. H. by the Dean of Norwich, the vice-chancellor; it does not appear for what cause.